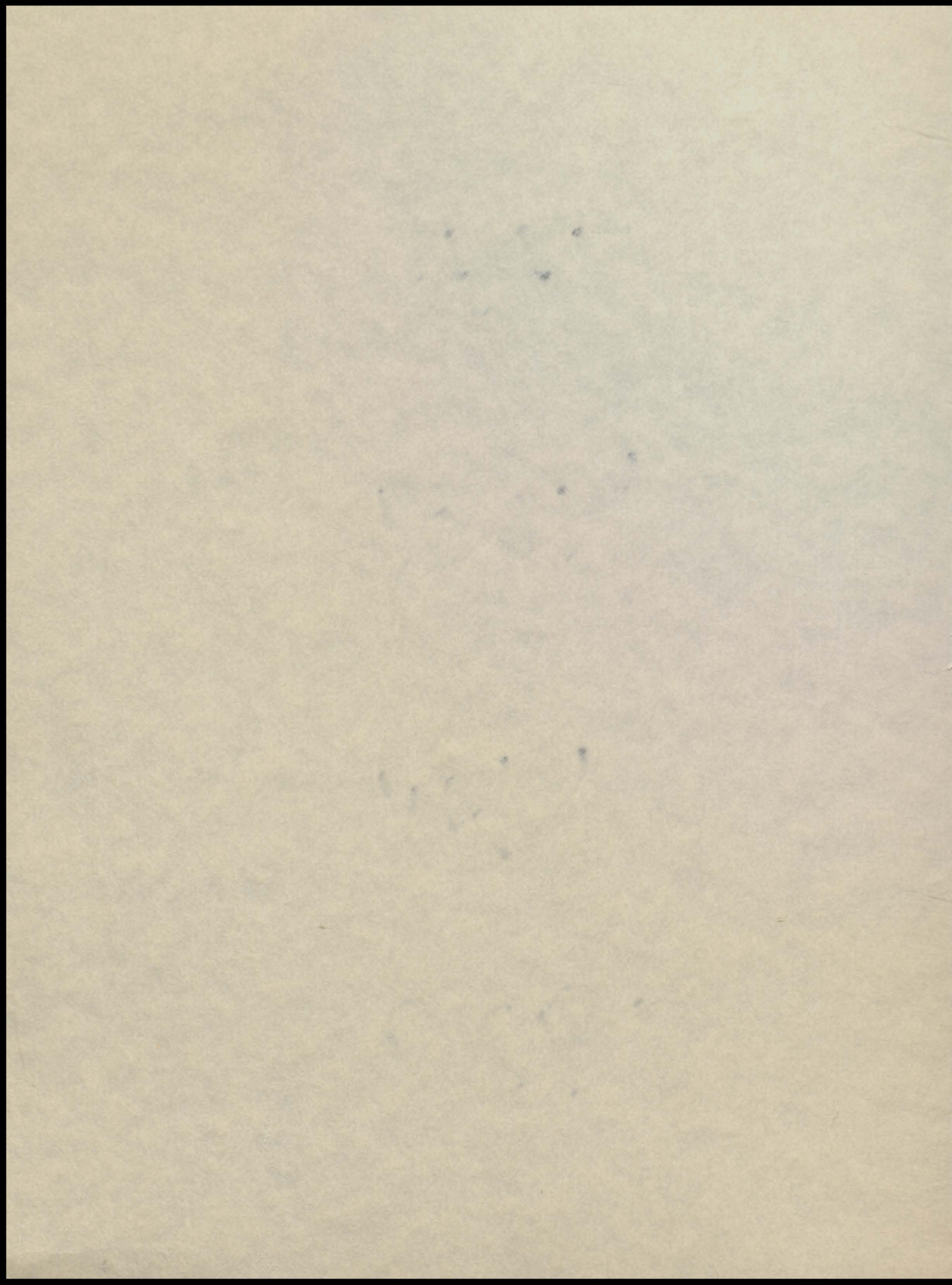


THE
Pivot

MAY

1929





THE PIVOT

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THE PIVOT

NEWARK, N. J.

MAY, 1929

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VOL. XX

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

No. 24

SENIOR PIVOT BOARD

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EDITORIALS

Foreword

It is with mixed feelings of pride and regret that the members of the PIVOT Board present this issue of May, 1929. Pride, in that the Board members have honestly and genuinely worked and *succeeded* in making this issue of the PIVOT an outstanding work both as regards unusual material and novel structure. Regret, in that our powers of production are unhappily limited and fall far below our aspirations in publishing a still better publication than this. However, we can

truthfully say that it is the level best we could possibly offer.

Let us take this opportunity in extending our sincere gratitude to the faculty adviser of the Senior Class, Joseph Miller; to the literary censor, Dr. Henry M. Goldstein; to the advertising adviser, John R. Boyle; and to the art adviser, J. Earl Griffith, who have so well guided us in making this issue of the PIVOT what it is.

—B. K.

To Our Faculty

By Helen Klepacky

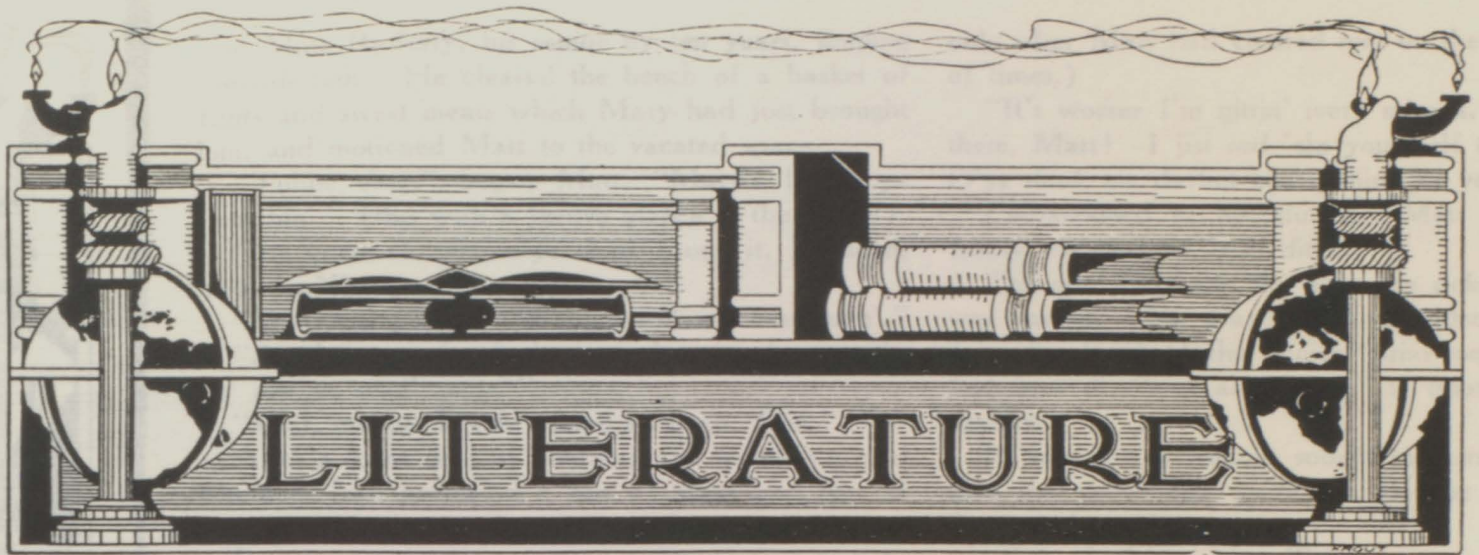
And lo! our harvest moon has risen!
A ripened yield is ours.
How jocosely we gather in
The unthreshed grain to fill each bin,
Those large and looming tow'rs.

How strange that we should reapers be!
We planted not the seeds.
The sod was turned, the furrow driven
By those who from the soil had riven
Each crop of choking weeds.

Now, shall we thresh the gathered wheat,
And knead it into bread;
The process will be long and drear,
But when the time to cease is here,
Ah then! we shall be fed.

Shall we leave you unrequited,
Brave Planters of the mind?
No, we pledge with hands uplifted,
To keep your words when we have rifted,
And left you all behind.

And when at last, the Master Planter,
Shall gather you, His crop,
May the seeds which you have sown,
Insure your rest within His zone,
Oh, blessed harvesters!



His Irish Mary

By Helen Klepacky

The old Veteran's Home, snuggling unpretentiously behind the whitewashed fence, and skirted on both sides by parallel rows of cabbages, beans, lettuce, and such vegetables as its inmates chose to cultivate, sheltered old Josh M'Gill and his irrepressible temper for twenty years.

He had participated in the struggle of a great nation against itself. When the fire was merely smoldering, not yet burst into flames, the patriotic lad, freshly landed in Irish dudeens from his native Lisconnel bogs, enthusiastically began polishing his rusty firearms, and when the inevitable came to pass, shouldered his way into the conflagration.

On this particular day as he reclined on the old dilapidated garden bench, his sparse white hair was wafted by a frolicksome breeze. Musingly, he sucked an ancient briar-root pipe (a wedding present from a Scotch crony) whose heavy smoke contrasted with the clear infinity above. He was reminiscing, living a mightier battle, the battle of Life. Monotony and again in the trying sixties. But he was a veteran of unkindness marred every page in that stormy Book. There was one beacon, one joy, to which his heart warmed, and overflowed with gratitude; his Mary, his Irish Mary.

Four sons he had, "divils" he called them (excepting Pat, who had married his Irish Mary). Yes, and there was Kate whom he had carried pig-a-back, when she was knee-high to a grasshopper. But now, she was a lady, too fine a lady, in fact, to visit her old pa.

And grandchildren! Laboriously he endeavored to count them on his bony fingers. "Thirteen," he ejaculated at last, as if addressing the gray smoke which flurried about him. "Yis, siree, thirteen—thirteen little rascallions, jist like their paps and muthers (excepting Mary's girls: they were sweet, benevoient "darlints," like their mother). How rich was he in children, yet how miserably poor in filial love! "Divils," he sputtered between his clenched stumps. Then, shifting his gaze to his trembling hands which were languidly tearing asunder a fallen maple leaf, he seemingly addressed those withered extremities. "Bedad, me own dater niver comes to see her ould pap! She sez I be cranky. Wal, mebbe I do be a bit so, but, och, wot wi' th' rheumatiz got hould o' me, an' me say faible. But Mary, me darlint, she dunnot think me contrhary, she's wonerful."

And this moment he peered through the enveloping smoke, that very nearly resembled a London fog, and

saw Matt Rafferty, his senior by ten years, limping towards him. He cleared the bench of a basket of fruits and sweet meats which Mary had just brought him, and motioned Matt to the vacated space.

"Tubbe sure," began Matt, "Mary's brung ye somethin'" (this with a furtive glance at the basket).

"Ye gomeral, who d'ye think brung it, President Coolidge?"

"Wal, no, Josh, I was on'y sort o' commentin'."

"Arrah now, why don't ye git down ter brass tacks an' say ye wan' some?"

"Wal, mebbe, I 'udn't mind so much, Josh."

After a great deal of fumbling and mumbling, and whatnot, Josh produced a box of mints and pair of oranges from the depths of the basket.

For some time the two cronies silently sat munching the delectables, with now and then a resounding smack, when Matt resumed the conversation.

"Weren't thet yer dater, Kate, I see here yes-tiddy?"

"Wot if it were?"

"Why, nothin', of coorse; I was jist sort o' commentin', seein' as she's stranger like in these here parts."

"Yahh, she do be a stranger till she needs money."

"I spect she didn't git wot she come fer, harin' th' way she slammed thet there door, whan she wint awa'."

"Begob, man, d'ye think I be crazy giving thet good-fer-nothin' five hundred dollars?"

"Wal, no, I was jist sort o' commentin'."

"Wunst, las' Aperl, she come snivillin' ter her ould fayther, an' sez, 'Pappy, I needs money, five hundred dollars, on me mortgage, er me property'll be furclosed.' Och, an wi'out thinkin' twyst, I gives her five hundred dollars, an not a cint less. Th' nix' month I wint fer to visit her, an' begorrah, if she didn't ha' a bran' new car, a yaller one. So thet was th' mortgage! Bad cess to her! Now, Matt, ain't thet thrason, I'm axin' ye?"

"Och, sich divilskins do be yer childher, tis scandalious!"

"I sted wid thim thet night, an slep' on th' flure wi' one blanket, mind ye. 'Twas damp thet Aperl, an' I took could in me in'ards." (Here he was shaken with a convulsion of coughing, which ceased

only after Matt had clouted him on the back a number of times.)

"It's worser I'm gittin' ivery minyut. . . . Whoa there, Matt! I jist sed 'elp yournself to thim mints. D'ye think me darlint brung thim fer ye?"

Embarrassed at his gluttony, Matt desisted, and feebly whistled an Irish ditty.

The next day, and the next, the rickety old bench was vacant. No gray smoke ascended heavenward from the bowl of the ancient briar-root pipe. Old Josh was ill, "sick as a dorg," to quote the old vet exactly.

In vain the physicians sought to coax old Josh to take the prescribed medicines, but he would brush them aside with contempt.

"Bah, thet's poison! Take me to me Irish Mary, an' if I be cured me Mary'll do it, or else I'll die be me darlint."

There was no alternative, and an immediate removal was arranged.

Once in his son's home, the old man gave no further thought to his other ungrateful children. Complete happiness was his. Not a care or a want passed unheeded. His Irish Mary, ever loving and mindful, administered to his every wish. Her bulky form hovered over him from sun to sun, like a ministering angel, and her broad, genial smile, challenged the radiance of the morning sun, as she greeted him with a "Good mornin', fayther, how be yer rheumatiz t'day?" or "Did thet linyeement Biddy brung ye aise th' pain in yer fut whativer?"

Oft-times, in a delirium, he would suddenly start and stare around the room in bewilderment, but a reassuring word or sign from Mary eradicated every doubt and vexation from his fast failing mind, and he would resume smoking his pipe with the contentment of an infant.

When Mary would anxiously ask if there was anything he desired, he invariably answered, "Whisht, honey, whisht, ye've nay raison tubbe onaisy 'bout me."

"Mary," he said feebly one day, as his "darlint" was rubbing his foot with some "yaller linyeement," "whan I can't smoke this here ould pipe, wot Mac give me, Mary, I tell ye I'm a gonner."

The time did arrive when the briar-root pipe was

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filled with "baccy" for the last time. Every particle of strength was necessary to keep the life-blood coursing through his veins. Speaking was fast becoming a Herculean task. Yet, he summoned up enough strength, when Kate and her three brothers came to his bedside to say, "May th' devil sail away wid the half o' yours."

Was it filial love and sympathy that urged them to that bedside? Not in the long run! Money was their goal, since there are such things as wills and heirs, but Josh did not let even that pass over his

head. He emphatically told the lawyer that "ivery cint an' red nickle goes to me Irish Mary."

The sun rose high and resplendent upon that Sabbath morn, when old Josh ventured forth to join those who had fallen for the Stars and Stripes, and those who, like himself, had perished on life's gory battlefield. He had died at his Irish Mary's!

* * * * *

The petals of an early June rose lay strewn upon his coffin, four muskets rent the air, the call of a bugle sounded in the distance, . . . and his Irish Mary wept.

A Perfect Senior Speech

By Helen Klepacky

He is busily conversing with his neighbor and does not hear his name announced. Someone nudges him from behind, whereupon he wheels around and challenges the intruder with a bat in the eye if he tries to get funny. Suddenly realizes he is next, and makes a two-yard dash for the steps. Reaches the last step in safety, when he unwarily trips and sprawls head foremost on the platform, giving his head a love tap, and hitting his funny-bone against the leg of a chair. The assembly immediately becomes a bedlam of giggles and subdued laughter. Severely reproaches himself for his hastiness. Abruptly raises himself, caressingly rubbing his bruised skull-pate, and brushing his clothes. Much embarrassed, and grinning sheepishly he begins the ordeal.

"Mr. Herzberg, members of the faculty, and fellow students." Suff'rin' cats, he didn't address the guest. Well, he didn't see him anyway. Launches into speech and waxes enthusiastic as no discrepancies occur. Wishes he had worn the tie Aunt Kate imposed on him for Christmas. Ma was right when she said this red one was too loud. Wonders if Betty (the girl-friend) is in the assembly. Devoutly hopes she isn't. Suddenly forgets what comes next, and cranes his neck to hear the prompter when somebody politely decides to cough, and frustrates his hopes. Takes a step nearer the edge of the platform and accidentally lands on a stage light, promptly smashing it to flutterjigs. The prompter mischievously

bellows the next word in a resounding voice, to the delight of the assembly. Gets started with increasing embarrassment and continues without mishap for some time. Exultantly lauds himself on his good luck.

Lowers gaze to the first row, and finds his classmates grinning triumphantly at his distress. Oh boy! what a circus there'll be when they make *their* "debut." Vehemently vows he will bring a slingshot or at least a putty blower for their amusement on that occasion.

Ye gods! he isn't going to sneeze! He mustn't! Oh, if he could only get to the finish somehow, anyhow! Rushes along, giving vent to a meaningless jumble of words. Almost done! Oh, darn the luck, what the deuce comes next? It's coming . . . coming . . . ah—AHHHH—CHOOO!

The assembly roars without restraint. He thrusts hand into pocket in quest of a handkerchief. Mistakes pocket lining for the desired 'kerchief, and hurriedly pulls it out, duly sprinkling the platform with an assortment of coppers, nickles, and dimes. Suddenly remembers, to his chagrin, that he left handkerchief on the dresser. Nervously continues speech after considerable prompting. Almost done! Ah, the last sentence! Done! Right about faces to leave platform, when he spies his week's allowance bedecking the stage. Throws dignity to the winds and bends down to gather them up. Plunges behind the stage, leaving the assembly in a perfect pandemonium.

Opium

By Ben-Ami Kaplan

It is commencement night in the city high school and the auditorium is packed. The school orchestra moans fitfully, drowned by the hum and bustle of the assembled audience. This last, the audience, is as variable as it is interesting.

A deep hush drowns all sound. The orchestra strikes up the processional march and the heroes of the day file in. All eyes turn to the streaming double rowed slowly out of the center doorway. An energetic looking youth leads the procession with a proud chin and happy smile.

"That's Jack Finkelstein," whispers one of his friends among the seated to his peroxided partner. "President of his class and editor of the *Lancet*. Snappiest line for a feller like him you ever heard. Be some big shot all right."

The girls keep sailing down the center aisle all blushing and proud in their white silks and laces while their male escorts, in dark jackets and duck trousers, keep step with assumed nonchalance and artificial indifference. Applause in profusion abounds as they take their seats on the platform. Immediately begins their silent searching of the seeming multitudes before them in the hopes that each may weed out a dear face or two for an incomparably delightful telepathy through the whole evening.

Jack Finkelstein sitting at the front where all presidents and editors are expected to sit, has no trouble in finding his folks the seventh row from the front. He smiles to them with much satisfaction and Mr. and Mrs. Finkelstein and family are in heavenly bliss. Their Jakie, the one apple of their eyes, he—their Jakie—is president of the Senior Class of June 1929; he, Jakie, is editor-in-chief of the *Lancet*.

"Mama," whispers little Anna, her eyes large with awe, "look! Jakie is right in front, in the big chair."

"Sh! my darling. Look."

The principal, a kindly gray-haired man, announces: "'Chief Factors for Success,' an address by Jack Finkelstein." Applause.

Jack Finkelstein rises from his "big chair" and speaks. He speaks well, with a ring of true conviction and determination. He, within himself, believes everything he is saying. He believes because he him-

self has experienced most everything he propounds to his audience. "Success," he booms, "is the direct cause of personal happiness. Where there is no happiness you may be sure, my friends, that there was previously no success." And Jack is happy. Happy to sit in the "big chair" before his fellow-graduates, happy to stand and deliver his ideas on success and give his own personal views and advice on the subject. He has been one of the outstanding forces at school and has made himself liked, and Jack liked to be popular. When he finishes with an eloquent phrase and a gesture full of meaning he sits down in his "big chair" amid thundering applause. The principal must wait a few moments for the commotion to subside. The program continues.

All this while a pale looking senior sitting toward the back is gazing abstractedly in the direction of his parents below. His name is Harry Gimberson and he has never tasted that success which his friend below experiences all along. He never had that desire. It meant nothing to him. Not that he was indifferent,—because he wasn't. Far from it. He only thought it a lot of "hot air" and nothing else. As for success: didn't he make good in his studies? Didn't he belong to the Debating Club? Couldn't he have made the varsity debating team but that another friend wanted to make it very badly and he stepped away in his favor? Didn't he belong to a number of clubs but never thought it essential to hold office? Not that he was proud, nor, on the other hand, was he afflicted with an inferiority complex. He was neither. It just meant forty below zero to him. He liked the activities and worked, and that was his satisfaction. His folks, his mother especially, would always put up Jack as an example of a live wire and as an exponent of success in later life. She would try to persuade him to become a more spectacular figure at school. But Harry always resisted. Now, as he is sitting there toward the back of the platform, he regrets that he had ever resisted. No, not for his own sake. For himself it *still* means nothing. But as he regards the Finkelstein family below as they are near bursting with happiness and pride he feels a deep pang for his own parents. After

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all, if he himself didn't care, at least why did he not think of his parents? How happy they would have been if he were to have addressed this audience now! His reveries were interrupted by the principal's soft bass voice and again the president of the class rose, and with a formal little speech, presented the Senior Gift to the school. Due thanks from the principal, and the program was resumed.

In the middle of the class song little Anna clutched her mother's arm. "Look, Mama! there's Harry on the side over there . . . see him?"

"Yes, darling, not so loud." A pause.

"Mama, why don't Harry sit up front where Jake is?"

"Sh! I don't know. You must keep still."

"But Mama, Harry's such a nice boy and they put him all the ways in the back. Why?"

"Listen, darling, keep still now. You'll ask Jake a little later why Harry is sitting in the back."

The diplomas are given out and as Harry passes Jack by, sincere congratulating smiles are exchanged between them.

Jack begins to look eagerly at the loaded little table beside the principal's chair. He knows that all the honors, letters and awards are on that little table. He also knows that not a small share will soon be his, and he smiles to himself thinking of his address earlier in the evening. Harry sees the same little loaded table but feels worse for doing so. He cannot meet the gaze of his parents.

"Jack Finkelstein," flows the voice of the principal, "receives one letter as president of his senior class." Applause. The president rises. The same voice flows on: "One letter as editor-in-chief of the *Lancet*." More applause. The editor steps forward. The principal had not finished. "One letter as president of the General Organization." Jack, all aglow, shakes hands with the gray-haired man and returns to his "big chair." The acclamations below raise the roof. This is the first time that any student ever received three letters at commencement. Mr. and Mrs. Finkelstein are wild with ecstasy. Jack is oblivious to all as further awards are given out to members of his class. He is intoxicated. He does not know what to do with the three envelopes so his kindly partner, a girl, takes them smilingly away and places them in her lap.

"You'll tear them," she whispers.

"Jack Finkelstein," says the principal. Jack wakes up with a start. "A gold medal as captain of the debating team."

He receives it with a bow and again returns to his seat unconsciously smiling to the roaring audience.

"To one of the best and most hard working members of the Debating Club, a complete edition of 'Great Orations of the World,' to Harry Gimbelson."

Harry could hardly believe his own ears. Some one nudges him sharply and he stumbles down to the front and takes the white paper package from the smiling principal and returns bewildered, to his seat in the back. The hand-clapping is loud and sweet in his ears and now he dares look down to his parents with a happy grimace.

Among those who receive medals as members of the fencing team is Jack again. When his name is called the applause is promoted to a shouting.

"Some baby, he is," remarks our peroxidized friend amid the acclamations.

"You bet," says her "side-kick," "and there's more coming. Yea! Jack!"

And more does come. The Pasteur Club presents him with a book and the Rifle Club with a medal. The presentation of a scholarship for a four-year course in jurisprudence from some distant institution is the climax. It is clear that the commencement exercises of the class of June 1929 are the commencement exercises of Jack Finkelstein. In the vestibule he is swamped with acclamations. It takes the appearance of a sort of reception hall for his benefit. Even the janitors who know him well come to shake hands with him and see him off. It is just as Jack expected it to be.

Harry's acclaim by his parents and friends is much quieter and restrained. He himself is vastly pleased at the surprise afforded him by the Debating Club. He seeks out the president of the club, tall, red-headed, and thanks him for the favor.

"Not at all, Harry. you deserved it. Otherwise we wouldn't have given it to you."

"That was the best time I ever had in my life," says Jack to Harry when going home together in a taxi with their families following in another.

"I wish you all the luck in the world, Jack. Gee, but you were the whole cheese. As for myself, I'm

(Continued on Page 73)

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At the Ringside

By Stephen Mysko

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. . . . Chatter speaking. . . . PIVOT and associated stations tonight are broadcasting the checker battle of the century from Central Hall, Centralville, New Jersey. . . . The contestants, as you know, are Kid Kaplan of Foggytown and Jock Mudrick of Flounder Hollow. These boys, as the sporting world is aware, are the two survivors of the eliminating contest started right after the Organ Fund Fair last fall. . . . This is a great crowd, let me tell you. All the big jump-and-take men of the checker world are here. . . . Did you hear that? That cheer was for Kid Kursesman of Leap Lizard Mountain, undefeated champion for eighteen years. He is getting a great ovation. . . . While the crowd is waiting for the big match I'll try to tell you some of the prominent followers of the game who are here tonight. . . . Let's see. . . . There's Harold Whitman with a party in a box. . . . No, that isn't him, it's Nathaniel Egg, the well-known horseshoe throwing promoter. . . . the box is 'way over on the other side of the arena, and it's hard to see from here on account of my moustaches. . . . Now while the boys are dressing I'll turn you over for a moment so that you can hear the Centralville Band. . . . This band won the county contest at the Organ Fund Fair last summer. . . . I don't know whether it is playing "Turkey in the Straw" or "Pop Goes the Cider Bar'l," but it's great music, all right. . . . There! The crowd is on its feet. . . . Wait till I see what it's all about. . . . Ah, yes! Amzi Kaplan is coming down the center aisle. . . . Can you hear that cheering? Kaplan has on his famous smile and tie that he wears in all his battles. . . . Listen to that roar. . . . He's getting an ovation, take it from me. . . . It's hot down here under the corner of the ring, crowded with sport writers. . . . It's noisy, too, with the leader of the band keeping time with his heel right over my head. . . . Wait a minute. Yes. Kaplan has climbed through the ropes and is bowing to the audience. . . . Now Jock's

bulk is traveling down the center aisle. Some manly figure! He's getting a great reception. . . . Now the referee. . . . Whew! that's a surprise. . . . No other than Hic Deeflips of Mudga Wushka, Missouri. . . . He's giving the boys their instructions. . . . "Break clean after jumps," he told them. . . . They shook hands—some grip! They're in their corners now. . . . Oh, boy! This is going to be a great fight. . . . Jock is taking the battle right from Kaplan. . . . He leads a 10 to 14. . . . Kaplan's whiskers snap back, out he counter-attacks with a 22 to 18. . . . Now the boys are sparring for an opening. . . . They both look strong. Wow! Jock just put across an 8 to the 11, and don't you think it didn't hurt! Kaplan's earache nearly stopped. . . . Now the boys are dancing around. . . . Kaplan looks as though he was going to lead. . . . No. He's thinking. I think you of the radio audience can smell the wood burning—which is no reflection on him—it just shows how hard he's thinking. While he's thinking, I'll see if I can recognize some more celebrities. Yes, there's Lillie Darnson, the famous ancient model for Mona Lisa, together with Eliza Stripslinger, the champion swimmer. . . . Sid Di Lazaro, the noted theatrical food producer, is sitting right close and is conversing with Sill Horbunk, president of the Horbunk Bunkers Corp. . . . The boys are just sparring for an opening. . . . Whew! Jock just put across a hard blow in the middle section. Kaplan has a look of amazement but it changes into a sneer as he retaliates and puts a hard left into Jock's side. . . . That didn't feel so good. . . . There, Kaplan put across another right just above Jock's collar button. . . . It's getting real hot—now they're pausing—thinking hard. Pardon me just a moment. . . . Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, I have just been informed this broadcast must be stopped. . . . The contestants say it disturbs their thinking. . . . You will hear the next voice from our studio.

Eng. Prof: "Tell me one or two things about John Milton."

Freshie: "Well, he got married and he wrote

Paradise Lost. Then his wife died and he wrote *Paradise Regained*."

Faculty Notes

I am naturally a very shy person and it took most of my nerve to walk in to ask Miss Beusman if she would give me an interview.

"How do you do, Miss Beusman?" I started, "may I speak to you? I hope I'm not taking up your time?"

"Of course you may speak," she replied, "say whatever you want to."

Thus encouraged, I asked her to please do me a favor and give me her life.

Such a staggering question, coming without warning, took her breath away. To depart with her life so soon? And so young? However, she was soon reassured when I explained, and very gladly told me about herself. Miss Beusman is our young medical gym teacher. She graduated from Central School of Hygiene and Physical Culture, and went to live and teach in Virginia for two years. Then she came north and entered Central High and has been here for three years continuing her excellent work.

Who has not heard of Mr. Conovitz? All Central knows of the services rendered by him. Not knowing him, one gets the impression that he is stern, practical, and strict, but once you are in his class, you will discover that he is an excellent teacher, not only of history, but economics and psychology, as well. He is at times humorous and no matter how long he talks, one is never tired of listening to him. However, this great teacher at present is undergoing a novel experience. Subdued, tamed, or broken in are no words to describe the situation. He is actually learning to

submit and obey, pronto. And what do you think is terrorizing him? Strange to say, Mr. Conovitz bears it with a smile, pleasant resignation and likes it all together. Ridiculous, you say? It's true. The tyrant is Mr. Conovitz's own little daughter. "Dad sit," she says. Down sits papa. "Get up, papa." Up comes papa, and so it goes.

Another valued member of our faculty is Miss Lewis, who is loved by all. She comes from Puritan and Pilgrim stock, one of her ancestors having been Elder Brewster. Miss Lewis is a graduate of Syracuse and Columbia Universities and has traveled abroad for amusement and study. Teaching is her career and she loves it very much. Miss Lewis is a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Eastern Star, the Daughters of 1812, and the Mayflower Societies.

One of her chief interests in recent years has been the study of genealogy and thus she discovered her ancestry. However, this hobby of hers is the family joke. Even their pet canary joins in the fun, for is not its name "Cutie Jonathan Sparrow, The Pilgrim Lewis"? Sounds like those short names the kings of Spain possess. Miss Lewis is fond of the opera, and more so of driving a car. But Miss Lewis remarks, "Teaching is my joy."

For once Mr. Coleman failed me. I begged and pleaded to no avail. He said he did not want to appear in the PIVOT, and made this very sagacious remark, "Laugh and the world laughs with you. Weep and you weep alone."

A Centralite's Pipe-Dreams

Such ravishing sounds! Whence, why, wherefore do they come? Is the fabled Orpheus entreating Pluto anew to release his abducted Eurydice, or is Apollo perchance serenading the muses with his throbbing lyre? The rhythm beats upon my temples and my being trembles with emotion. Hark! footsteps mingle with the melody! Methinks the deep sea sirens have come, enchanted by the music. The steps are drawing nearer . . . nearer . . . near—"Ouch, what's the great idea of pinching me, ya big igno-

ramus? Huh, where's Orpheus? Didn't you see Apollo?"

"Yeh, Dan Cupid was here too. They told me to give ya their regards. Wadya think this assembly is, a lounging room? Put your cent for the organ fund in this here cup, and pass it on!"

"Ye gods! haven't we got that organ yet? What a dream! Of all errors a body is privileged to make, I had to go and mistake Jocheved for Apollo!"

The Alumni Page

To a Bird Found Dead on a Vacant Lot on the City Line

Benjamin Friedman, '28

Little birdie,
No more wordy,
Lifeless, helpless, in my hand,
I do wonder,
Through what blunder
Of the fates you fell to land.

Bird once cheery,
Were you weary
As you flew through those blue skies,
Was it just loss
Of your wee force
That has closed your lurid eyes?

Strange you were found
On the harsh ground,
On the boundary of two towns,
Like some bruin,
Cage were you in—
Victim of man's ill-bred frowns?

Could it be true,
That as you flew
Happy, carefree, through the air,
Hunger and thirst,
Acted for worst—
Plunged you to the earth so bare?

The atmosphere
You loved so dear
Nevermore will greet your song,
No more shall I
Glancing to sky,
Hope to see you fly along.

A brave duel,
With life cruel
Now has sadly come to end.
Seldom in peace
Does our life cease—
All too soon with earth we blend.

Tears

By Helen E. Vitello

The sound of summer rain
Upon my window pane,
Is like the sound of tears—
Hopeless tears.

When raindrops softly fall,
Sadly I recall
A tearful face in pain—
Hopeless pain.

And even as I write,
Faintly in the night,
I hear the sound of tears—
Hopeless tears.

Content

By Rose Lieber

More than the thousand voices of the sea,
I love the silent grandeur of the sky,
Stretching far out, in its eternity.

More than the dipping whiteness of the gull,
I love the steady flying of the sky,
Dark-coated land bird, and the hull
Of a distant ship means far less to me
Than spires, and great white domes, imprinted high
Against a blue of neither day nor night,
When stars have just begun to give their light.

The fresh, cool breezes, from this blossoming tree
Bring perfume which no wave-born tang
Does equal; and the noises of the sea,
Sirens' shrieks, and the muffled, hollow clang
Of the swinging buoy—how can they compare
With these sweet warbling voices in the air,
And the swaying clamor in the old church tower,
As the molten bells proclaim some fateful hour.

Just as a deep unrest comes from the sea,
So do these skies reach down and comfort me.

The Poet's Corner

Invocation of a Music Teacher

By Helen Klepacky

Blue purple, 'neath the summer sky,
The laughing Po swept by
The town of violins.

Cremona, midst the poplars grew,
Swarthed in their silvery mist,
With roofs of gay and sombre hue,
By Italy's sunlight kissed.

'Twas here Amati worked to find
The perfect violin.
'Twas here Albani joy resigned
To toil and seek with him.

The glistening varnish o'er your lines,
Is never Cremonese,
Yet clearer than Italia's wines,
Brighter than golden fleece.

A bit of ebony, Tyrolean pine,
Compose my violin,
Four strings without, a holy shrine,
A soul, that rests within!

Before I touch your quivering strings,
Your mood I cannot tell,
But grief or joy, whate'er it brings,
Within my heart must swell!

You sing of when the Israelites played
In bondage cruel and dire,
You voice the sweetness that was made,
By Egypt's god-like lyre.

Oh you, who can enthral, entrance,
Inspire my very heart,
That I may teach, withal enhance
A great and world-wide art!

Class Song

Your welcome doors were open wide,
Abreeze your banner, Blue and White,
And thus we came our time to bide
With you and so to greet the light
Of knowledge bright, care to deride,
To learn to do our labors right.
We came to see the way, decide,
The paths in life we start tonight.

Tonight our Alma Mater weeps,
She tears, and tho she sees us go
With mournful sorrow, still she sweeps
Us out into the world to sow
Her hardy seeds. Her harvest reaps
Luxurious winy fruits that glow.
Her yield a crowd of mem'ries heaps
Of things that were not long ago.

We say farewell, O White and Blue,
With eyes bedimmed, with hearts full filled.
Your inspirations, they are true;
We leave, resolved to castles build!

It's After 8 in the Morning

By Esther N. Steinwurtzel

It's after 8 in the morning,
School is about to start,
Pupils come trooping together,
And at the door they part.

Everyone has been seated,
Teacher is calling the roll,
In runs a tardy student,
Victim of time, poor soul!

It's 3 o'clock the same day,
Ten more minutes to wait,
Seated and lonely, the student
Hopes he'll never be late!

THE PIVOT

Excelsior!

By Ben-Ami Kaplan

The world is in my palm . . .
When in the morn the sun doth swing up
In one grand sweep of light
To the apex of that blue eternal dome
That soothes the weary eye;
When the white fantastic clouds
With bases flat
Sail and soar before the sea-smelling wind
And descend to yon misty horizon
In slow but steady undulation;
When the velvet hills roll out before me
In soft discreet submission;
When Nature bashfully discloses all her secret treasures
To my searching ardent view;
When the rich black earth breaks up
To let the green sprouting sprig spring up to light;
When my heart beats hard and strong
With pent-up yearnings claiming for prompt outlet;
When black blood of pulsing, throbbing life
Shoots thru my palpitating veins;
When my eye consumes the landscape round
In one burning, eager quest;

When my arms sweep out in one wide gest
Which circles the All—
The world is in my palm.

I walk the face of the earth in great and steady
strides.
My fear is naught —
My complaint is none—
For does not the sun smile
For my sole warmth?
Does not the humble moon shine
To make my dark nights bright?
Do not the waters kiss my every limb
In bath?
Do not the distant stars glow and gleam
To show my steady way?
Are not the rippling purple clouds my fantasies
To make and unmake as I choose?
Tell me now
Am I not right?
And is not the whole wide world
Firmly grasped within my palm?

History Class

By Marie Lepore

In they saunter, hand in hand,
Gabbing fast as ever they can;—
But not of school work,—don't be silly,
But of boys like Tom and Billy.

Then their seats they occupy,
Open text-books with a sigh;
Teacher calls the class to order,
All talking stops, if not there's "molder."

"Ready, question," says the teacher,
Someone yells, "I bet I'll beat cha!"
They write the question with their leads,
But some forget to use their heads.

"Exchange your papers," orders he,
Then, "Read the paper of Marie."

Someone stands and starts to read;
Alas—she stops as though in need.

She bends and asks just what is written,
But try and try, she feels like quittin',
Then at last she takes her seat,
Very hurt in her conceit.

The work continues, to their dismay;
Each one is scared; but it does not pay
To look so 'spicious, unprepared,
For by the bell one might be spared.

The bell does ring to their great joy,
And then they talk to every boy,
They make a rush right to the door,
And then are up on every floor.

The Beach

By Stephen Mysko

The contented sea and the selfish sky
Hold me,
Night and the lonesome beach
Fascinate me,
The mellow roar of the waves
Numb my drowsy senses,
The shallow sands slip idly

Through my fingers
Like thoughts that
Slip through my mind.
Tenderly I grasp the deep futility
Of my being.

The vastness crushes me
And my dreams . . .

The Ancient Senior

By "Haunted Hupe"

It is an aged old senior,
And he stopt one with a "C,"
"By thy short moustache and glittering eye
Why in the—stoppst thou me?"

"The Stadium's doors are open wide,
And I must be within;
The teams have met, the game is set,
Dost hear the merry din?"

He holds him with a stare so cold,
The Central "Frosh" stood still,
And listens like a three-year-old—
The senior has his will.

"The team was cheered, the field was cleared,
The game began to start,
The ball was kicked high in the air
Like a swiftly-fired dart.

The opposing team did not get far,
For soon it seemed they stopt;
Our boys were there,—each one a star,
Lo! the receiver was dropt.

They tried the left and then the right,
And could not gain an inch.
And tho' they fought with all their might,
Never our team did flinch.

We held them on their ten-yard line,
On downs we got the ball.
Our team lined up, our men sublime,
The slim, the short, the tall.

The line was pierced, the ball advanced,
One each in heart and soul,
Had one same thought and one fond hope—
"Go onward toward the goal."

The boys did fight with all they had
But lost the ball on downs,
The smiling faces of the crowd
Were changed for those with frowns.

The ball went up our side the field
And then came down again,
But neither team would slip or yield—
The cheers were in one refrain.

And so each team fought on and on
With minutes more to play,
Then I ran in to substitute
And thereby saved the day.

The ball was passed right back to me,
And boy! how I did run.
Wildly the crowd began to yell,
The game was as good as won.

I sprinted down the entire field,
I heard the cries so gay
As unmolested I did run,—
"Touchdown," the "ump" did say.

Yes, there were cheers and dismal groans—
The players left the fray—
My buddies walked away from me,
I had run the wrong way.

World's Male Beauty Contest

(Special correspondent at Centralburg, N. J., for the PIVOT)

April 1.—The world's famous male beauty contest is now coming off. Contestants from all over the world have entered it. Every well-known country is represented. It is taking place in Centralburg, N. J., the world's famous beauty-judging town.

The representative beauty from Palestine is Leibel Benchik. He is wearing a pink bathing suit and is the only contestant who uses no make-up. And what a shape! Oh, baby! What natural, beautiful fallen leaves he has. His gorgeous display of red curly locks hang loosely about his shoulders. The most attractive attraction about him is the pink ribbon which is braided in his seven-foot beard. Now for the others. Arabia produces a rare specie of mankind, who is no other than Bin Amu Khaphian. He is attired in a rustian colored taffeta gown. In one hand he carries the fruits of Arabia, and with the other is leading a camel. He is also wearing a chartreuse colored cape to ward off the stares of the women judges.

Following him is the Eskimo from Greenland, Bernick Trattlick, who is adorned in a seal-skin bathing suit, belted with fish-skin. He looks quite cool as he is riding on a float of ice, which was broken from a lonely iceberg and placed in a large tank.

The next one on the list is Vichy Di Fillipino, the Venetian beauty, who has on a red cotton suit. He is seated in a gondola. His patent leather hair shines brilliantly in the sun. On the Stradivarius violin, given him by Mussolini he can be heard playing the strains of "O Sole Not Mio."

Behold, here comes Stepan Mytzka, the Czecho-Slovakian representative, wearing a white baggy linen suit. He is seated in a wagon, on a bale of hay, eating a raw potato contentedly.

Hush, hush, here comes a cute Chinaman, Irvée Lee Schustée, draped in yellow to match his skin. He is cooling his complexion with a fan and riding peacefully in a yellow jinrikshaw. Seeing that China

is such a large country, they had to have two participants instead of one. The other being King Bobby Ock, wearing a suit made of a Chinese rug and he was seated beside his fellow countryman.

Now for the Spanish type. He is Alfonso Ei Albino riding on a bull and playing a guitar. He is adorned in a black voile bathing apparel. Around his neck is a garland of gourds, and his black moustache is wound about his ears.

Last but not least of these popular beauties is Theodore Krasherman of Germany. His short stubby figure attracts the eyes of those seated in the grandstand. His suit is khaki colored and is decorated with the many metals received by him from the Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria-Hungary.

Those who had a hard time choosing the perfect beauty, are the following judges: Anna Trochymczuk, Pauline Scher, Frances Schwartz, Shirley Levine, Rose Blum, Helen Pecker, and Alma Otto.

After many hours of judging the final decision was that the prize go to Leibel Benchik, for the reason that he shows the most personality. The prize is a twenty-four karat, seventeen-jeweled parasol, appropriately chosen by his many admirers to hide his fair face from the hot Palestinian sun.

Points credited to the winner:

- 1—His beautiful roaming nose.
- 2—Most imperfect physique.
- 3—His height is 99 square inches.
- 4—The measurement of his calf is forty-three inches in circumference.
- 5—Weight—One-third of a ton.
- 6—Shape of his head—Misshapen.
- 7—Color of eyes—Pink.
- 8—Kind of face powder used—Roach powder.
- 9—Legs—Bowed.
- 10—Hobby—Planting bird seeds.

He has found out by recent experiment that potassium iodide (KI) units with sulphur (S) under pressure with following reaction: $KI + 2S = Kiss$. Care should be taken to perform this experiment in the dark as the material is explosive and the reaction usually violent. Violent Unwin ("Scientific American.")

"Hey, Mister, who discovered America?"

"Ohio, sir."

"Ohio, you're crazy. It was Columbus."

"Yes, sir, I know; but I didn't think it was necessary to mention the gentleman's first name, sir."

FROM
PRINCIPAL



TO PARENT

April 22, 1929.

Dear Parents:

Optimists believe the world was made for man. Pessimists think it was made for trouble unto man. The latter viewpoint is due to bias and ignorance.

At every turn we see that life is vibrant with potential impulses, that but need discovery, direction and development. Nature has stored up limitless potential energy which is awaiting release. Knowledge is the power and key which unlocks this strong box of possibilities. It may discover, mold, direct, and store for future generations the existing potential energy. Knowledge recognizes the possibilities latent in Nature, and knows how to utilize them. Education alone can give this knowledge. Your dear ones need education so that they will not be handicapped. Impress upon young people that America is truly free, and that opportunities are before the eyes of all. Education helps reveal the ever-present opportunities and teaches their service to man.

Very truly yours,

William Weiner

Principal.

*To our own true Friend and Advisor
do we dedicate this issue.*



JOSEPH MILLER



President

VICTOR DI FILIPPO

23 Searling Street

General-Latin: Undecided

"His limbs were cast in manly mould.
For hardy sports or contest bold."

President, 4B Class; Vice-President, 4C Class; President, Circolo Italiano; Varsity Football '28; Captain Varsity Basketball '28; Varsity Track '28-'29; City Champion, 440 and 880 yds.; Baseball '29; Championship, 440 yds. in South Side Meet.

*and you?
he said? Oh no*



Vice-President

ALMA OTTO

143 Morris Avenue

Commercial German: Business

"It is the little things that I leave behind me for my loved ones.—great things are for everyone."

Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Girls' Pentathlon '28, '29; Girls' Athletic Association; Philosophy Club; President, Vice-President, N. L. C.; President, Treasurer, Students' Aid Society; Treasurer, 4C Class; Vice-President, 4B Class; Cheyrons (3).



Secretary

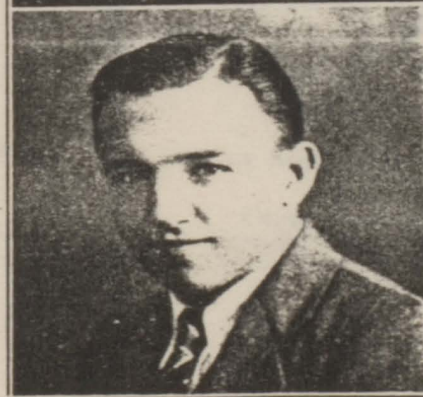
HELEN I. KERPLICK

15 Halsey Place

Commercial Spanish: Business

"Let me make my life simple and straight like a flute. I need for it to fill with music."
Secretary, 4B Class; Girls' Service Club; Archon Club; Young Award.

*Smile, smile!
Smile, smile!
like you, that's
in center of
wheel*



Treasurer

ROBERT N. FREYBERGER

1056 Bergen Street

Technical: Rutgers University

"A sportsman complete,
run one to follow, a bad one to beat."

Football '26; Varsity '27, '28; Swimming '28; Baseball '27; Technical Club; Stadium Dedication; Gym Exhibition.

*Smiley
Robert Freyberger*

THE PIVOT

Editor

BENJAMIN KILIAN

9 Belgium Street Scientific French: Agriculture

"I am the son of my nation."

G. O. Organizing Committee; President, 4C Class; Vice-President, Boys' Service Club; Editor, "Chatter"; President (2), Vice-President, Naturalist Club; President, Literary Club; President, Chess & Checker Club; Captain, Chess Team '28, '29; Junior Red Cross Delegate to Washington.



Assistant Editor

JOSE BLUM

55 Pearl Street Commercial Spanish: Business

"Let her speak, and whatever she say."

"He thinks I should love her the more."

Make-Up Box; Spanish Club; Girls' Athletic Association; President, Centennial Parade Library Club.



Business Manager

ARTHUR LOUIS EGGERT

478 So. Seventeenth Street Commercial Spanish: N. Y. U.

"We have heads to get money, and hearts to spend it."

Vice-President, Archon Club; Treasurer, 4B Class; Boys' Service Club; Spanish Club; Naturalist Club; Belles Lettres Club; Honor Roll (3).



Art Editor

RALPH LORDI

504 South Tenth Street

Fine Arts: Pratt Institute

"Let the path be open to talent!"

Cross Country '28; Swimming '29; Circolo Italiano; Boys' Service Club; Make-Up Box; Scenery Maker for Make-Up Box; Art Exhibition '28.





"Auf Wiedersehen"
Wednesday
helen
LILLIAN H. MORWITZ
 240 L. Ellis Street
 Commercial German: Pace Inst.
 "She worked, and as she worked she sang."
 Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Stadium Dedication; Penman-
 ship Award.



From friend
Gold
Alpaese
ALPHONSE ALPAESE
 920 L. Ellis Street
 Commercial Latin: N. University
 "Fox is that runs it well twice runs his race."
 Indoor Track '27, '28; Outdoor Track '27, '28; Visit
 Cross Country Team '28; Baseball '28; Tennis Team '27;
 Golf Club; Stadium Exhibition; Orsola Italiano; Sesqui-
 Centennial Parade; Spanish Team '27, '28; Spanish Club.



Remember
the fun in
Central!
Belle
BELLE APTER
 290 Waverly Avenue
 Commercial German: Newark Normal
 "God's greatest gift is, after all, a good woman."
 German Club; Girls' Athletic Association; Chevron; Pen-
 manship Award; Typing Award.



Mary your life
she is one happy
course
Charlotte
CHARLOTTE APTER
 290 Waverly Avenue
 Commercial German: Undecided
 "You are a divine perfection of a woman."
 Penmanship Award; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; German
 Club; N. U.

friend
ROBERT BAIRD
 215 Brookdale Avenue
 Technical: Business
 "Only when genius is married to science, can the highest results be produced."
 Technical Club; Vice-President, Secretary, Scientific Club; Secretary (2), Rifle Club; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Sharpshooter's Award.



Successful friend is a true image of the Deity.
JOHN EDWARD BENNETT
 216 Smith Street
 Technical: Business
 President, Treasurer, Technical Club; Manager, Outdoor Track Team '28; Hi-Y Club; Cornet Trombone Class.



the. internal
LEONARD BENNETT
 12 South Seventh Street
 General Spanish: Undecided
 "Blessed simplicity."
 Treasurer, Literary Club; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; CMTC Club; Track '28.



Success
RETH BIRNBHUM
 522 Hunterdon Street
 Commercial Spanish: Business
 "I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky."
 Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Girls Athletic Association; Spanish Club.



THE PIVOT



*True friend
is a friend
forever*

*Sincerely
John*

JOHN BOBYOCK
133 Howard Street
"Grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength."
Technical: Business
Technical Club; Treasurer, Scientific Club; Rifle Club; Hi-Y Club.



*Dear friend
Love
Celia*

CELIA BUNIN
33 Rose Terrace
Commercial History: N. Y. University
"The greatest of all sacrifices, which is the sacrifice of time."
Girls' Athletic Association; Girls' Service Club; Chevron.



*Historically yours,
Edna*

EDNA CHASEN
400 Inside Avenue
"It is the child of nature."
Fine Arts: Music
Music Club; Honor Roll; Archon Club; Glee Club.



My dear Sylvia

*Love
Christoffel*

SYLVIA CHRISTOFFEL
292 Belmont Avenue
"A book is a friend that never deceives us."
Fine Arts: Undecided
President (2), Library Club; Sewing Club; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Students' Aid Society; Music Club.

THE PIVOT

Soll: The greatest fellow
 LOUIS ANTHONY CHALLELLI

89 Myca Street Technical Newark College Eng'g.
"The quiet mind is richer than a crown."
 Treasurer, Scientific Club; Football '27; Stadium Dedication; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.



Success! million
 ROSE COFFEY
 111 Watson Avenue Commercial German: Business
"A smile in her eye."
 Girl Service Club; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.
Class: Rose Coffey



ANTOINETTE DE COSMO
 359 South Ninth Street General Latin: N. Y. University
"Her voice was ever soft."
 Stadium Dedication; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.



Edward A. Collins
 EDWARD A. COLLINS
 104 Goodwin Avenue General English: U. of Penn.
"Reserve is fine, but service is finer."
Bernard Collins





LORRAINE DOLSON

15 Leslie Terrace Commercial French; Business

"I would rather be called a good woman than a happy one."

Library Club; Gym Exhibition; Stadium Dedication; Penmanship Award; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.



LILLIAN DORSON

351 Orange Terrace General French; N. J. C. for Women

"A mind of logic is like a scalpel blade. It makes the hand bleed that uses it."

Sewing Exhibition; Naturalist Club; Music Club; Photoplay Club; Sewing Club.



FRANK RUFFORD

615 South Twentieth St. Technical; Newark College of Eng'g.

"He shoots higher that threatens the moon than he that aims at a tree."

President (3), Treasurer (2) Rifle Club; Treasurer, Technical Club; Vice-President, Scientific Club; Secretary, Hi-Y Club; Sharpshooter's Award; Honor Roll; Central Trombone Class.



SAM EPSTEIN

203 Ridgewood Ave. Commercial; Pittsburgh School of Accts.

"His wise, rare smile is sweet with certainties."

Gym Team '27, '29; Track Team '27, '28; Gym Exhibition; Tumbling Exhibition; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Cross Country '28; Pole Vault '28, '29; Fencing Team '27, '28; CMTC Club; Rifle Team; Gymnastic Tumbling at Kearny; Swimming Team '27, '28; Championship Gym Team '28; Scenery Maker for Make-Up Box.

*A little book
show all. FALCK*

URBAN EMIL FALCK
46 Orleans Street General Spanish; Newark Technical
Glee Club; May Festival.
"As strong as his heart."



Rose Fleischer

ROSE FLEISCHER
192 Hillside Avenue Commercial German; Undecided
"Science is the perfected herald of joy."
Music Club; Girls' Service Club; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.



Rebecca Finkelstein

REBECCA FINKELSTEIN
594 South Belmont Avenue Commercial Spanish; N. Y. U.
"Simple in her elegance."
Secretary, Spanish Club; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Stadium
Dedication; N. L. C.



*May you live
be as bright
as the stars*

REBECCA FINKELSTEIN
19 Rutgers Street Commercial Spanish; Business
"I have never occasioned any disputes."
Spanish Club; Girls' Sewing Club; N. L. C.; Philosophy
Club.



THE PIVOT



*Ben Fratanuano
Sister of Jack
P. Fratanuano*

BENJAMIN FRATANUANO

231 Academy Street

General Latin: Under

"Beware of all, but most of all—beware of man."

Latin Club; Tennis Club; Stadium Dedication; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.



127 North Eleventh Street

Commercial Spanish: Business

"A maid that laughs is half-taken."

Girls' Service Club; President, Students' Aid Society; Sewing Exhibition; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Stadium Dedication.



*Success
is a real fellow
I want a Galambus*

FRANK GALAMBUS

Technical: Business

"Who drives me forward like fate."

"The Myself striding on my back."

Technical Club; Track '27; Baseball; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.



*Best of friends
for a while
who is
the most useful
person*

FAY GENNET

180 Court Street

Commercial Spanish: N. Y. University

"Silence is a friend that will never betray."

Archery Club; Girls' Service Club; Vice-President, President, Philosophy Club; Students' Aid Society; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Co-Organizer, Vice-President, Spanish Club; Vice-President, President, Literary Club; Penmanship Award; Typing Award; Chevrons (2); Girls' Athletic Association; Dancing Exhibition '28; Stadium Dedication; Assistant Business Manager "Pivot."

THE PIVOT

*In the golden chain of friendship
Remember me as a link
in the golden chain*

RUTH BEATRICE GOLDSTEIN

193 Sixteenth Avenue Commercial German; Pratt Inst.

"Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well."

Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Stadium Dedication; Penman-
ship Award; Music Club; Studio Club; Art Exhibition.



RUTH LILLIAN GREITZER

325 Osborn Terrace General French; Newark Normal

"In the stature is she of
as true as my heart."

Girls' Service Club; Literary Club; Sewing Club; Sesqui-
centennial Parade; Stadium Dedication.



OSCAR HERBERG

125 Spruce Street Classical; N.Y. University

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your
strength."

Stadium Dedication; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.



THELMA HOLMLUND

9 Lowell Place Commercial Spanish; Business

"He who holds his tongue is strong."

Stadium Dedication; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.

THE PIVOT



To a pal, honest and true
all good luck I wish to you,
Be it education or in the ring
Good luck I say in anything.

JOSEPH JOHN JERUBINO
971 Broadway Street Commercial German: N. Y. University
"He is richest that has fewest wants."
Circolo Italiano; Football; Sesqui-Centennial Parade;
Stadium Dedication; Air Cadets of America.



ESTHER KASS
240 West Kinney Street Commercial Spanish: Pace Inst.
"Tis malice, 'tis revenge, 'tis pride,
'Tis anything but thee."
Spanish Club; Students Aid Society; Archon Club; Sesqui-
Centennial Parade; Penmanship Awards; Stadium Dedi-
cation.



MARY KATCHER
245 West Kinney Street Commercial German: Business
"Better to be alone than in ill company."
Studio Club; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Penmanship
Award.



HELETTE KATZ
400 South Belmont Avenue General French: N. Y. University
"Men work and think, but women feel."
Sewing Club; Photoplay Club; Stadium Dedication; Sesqui-
Centennial Parade; Sewing Exhibition; Tennis Club.

Dear Al,
Don't forget
the first class party

THE PIVOT

*Remember that
future we had
in English Betty.*

HEBECCA BETTY KESSELMAN

Thirteenth Avenue General Spanish: Undecided
Dancing shape, an image gay.
To haunt to startle, and waylay."
Music Club; Spanish Club; Naturalist Club; Sesqui-Cen-
tennial Parade; N. L. C.; Dance Exhibition.

*Oh! Mr. Schlicher give a hand
to the future
of the future*

THEODORE CARL KIRSCHENMAN

Lureya Street Technical: Penn State
It is hard to find a man who bears good fortune
well."
Junior Commissioner Boys' Week '28; Varsity Football
'26, '27; All-City Right End '26, '27; Varsity Track '25, '26,
'27, '28; Holder South Side A. A. 75-Yard Dash Record;
City Broadjump Record; Penn Relay Team '25, '26, '27, '28;
Varsity Baseball '26, '27.

*be as you
you may be
Barrymore but you're
barnyard just all alone
just all alone to me
to me*

MORRIS KLEIN

40 South Nineteenth St. General Latin: Montclair Normal
"An honest man's word is as good as his bond."
Sesqui-Centennial Parade.

SHIRLEY KORNGOLD

411 Badger Avenue Commercial German: Business
"A lady whose smile embroiders the world."
Vice-President, Sullents' Aid Society; Treasurer (2) Phil-
osophy Club; Secretary, German Club; Sesqui-Centennial
Parade; Penmanship Award; Literary Club.

Shirley





Milt K. K. Isner
 Milt K. K. Isner
 243 Wainwright Street Science Spanish Ohio University
 "With a fortunate man all things are fortunate."
 Science Club; Chess and Checker Club; Track '28;
 Stadium Dedication; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.



Gladys Katherine Kunkel
 GLADYS KATHERINE KUNKEL
 55 Magnolia Street Commercial German: Business
 "Spreading joy wherever she is."
 Philosophy Club; Secretary, Students Aid Society; Stadium
 Dedication; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; N. L. C.



Sidney Lazarov
 SIDNEY LAZAROV
 308 Fifteenth Avenue General Spanish: N. Y. University
 "For him in vain the curious seasons roll
 Who bears eternal summer in his soul."
 Boy's Service Club; Naturalist Club; Vice-President, Phil-
 osophy Club; Belles Lettres Club; Chess and Checker Club;
 Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Spanish Club; Archon Club;
 Latin Club.



Gaetano Lepore
 GAETANO LEPORE
 184 Parker Street Fine Arts: Undecided
 "Be who can paint like nature."
 Music Club; Secretary, Library Club; Circolo Italiano;
 Spring Club; Sewing Exhibition; Art Exhibition; Sesqui-
 Centennial Parade.

THE PIVOT

*Best Greek
most
the most boy
is the most
is the most*

MARIE LEPORE

200 Littleton Avenue General Spanish: Columbia University
"An ambitious temper, and hopes undimmed for mankind"
Naturalist Club; N. E. C.



BEETHY ALAN LESSIN

34 Breinthal Place General Latin: N. Y. University
"Dream on! there's nothing but illusion true!"
Naturalist Club;



Ingmar

STIRLEY LEVINE

38 Ridgewood Avenue Commercial German: N. Y. University
"It would talk Lord, how it would talk."
Dancing; Exhibition; Girls' Athletic Association; Chevrons (5).



EMILY CAROLYN LEVINSKY

617 North Seventh Street Commercial German: Undecided
"Everything is becoming to the noble."
Girls' Athletic Association; Field and Track '27; Cheiron;
German Club; Penmanship Award; Typing Award.



*luck
richer
brother*



Best of luck to my friend

ELEANOR LIBERTY
 222 Bank Street General Spanish: Undecided
 "But what is virtue but repose of mind?"
 Girls' Athletic Association; Treasurer, Students' Aid
 Society; Girls' Service Club; Basketball '28, '29; Girls' Track
 Field '28; Chevron.



Best of luck

GERALD ROBERTSON LOUDON
 133 West End Avenue Technical: Business
 "Science is nothing but perception."
 Assistant Manager, Football '27; Manager, Football '28;
 Vice-President, Technical Club; Scientific Club.



Best of luck to Leo

LEO LOWENSTEIN
 195 Vassar Avenue Commercial Latin: Michigan
 "A happy fellow—and well met."
 Glee Club; May Festival.



Best wishes Anna Lutsky

ANNA LUTSKY
 64 Stratford Place Commercial German: Business
 "Not always right in all men's eyes,
 But faithful to the light within."
 Stadium Dedication.

to Jack
Mario Maffeo
M. MAFFEO ARTHUR MAFFEO
 137 Adams Street General Latin: N. Y. University
 "I to do."
 Vice-President, Latin Club; Rifle Club.



JOHN MICHAEL MARINARO
 41 Park Avenue Technical: Stevens Inst.
 "Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."
 President (2), Technical Club; Treasurer (2), Scientific
 Club; Photoplay Club; Baseball '28.



to Jack
Carl Montana
CARL MONTANA
 550 North Sixth Street General Latin: Stanford University
 "The man that often speaks but never talks."
 Naturalist Club.



Success to
our first Border
Montana
FRANK MONTANA
 550 North Sixth Street General Latin: N. Y. University
 "Behold—for him we kneel!"
 "This was the prison which his soul looked through."
 Latin Club; President, Circolo Italiano.





9 Elwood Place

JAMES H. MOORE

Technical: Business

"All succeeds with people who are of sweet and cheerful disposition."

Technical Club; Rifle Club; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.

Good man
Love



408 Huntington Street

ESTHER MOSKOWITZ

Commercial Spanish: N. J. Law

"A small heart hath small desires."

Pennmanship Award; Typing Award; Stadium Dedication; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Sewing Exhibition.

Remember me to your friend
as a girl
and classmate



129 Hillside Avenue

JOACHEVED RUSSUS MUDRICK

Classical: N. Y. Inst. of Arts

"Music can soften pain to ease."

Music Club; School Pianist; Pianist, Schubert Singers; Pianist '27, '28, '29; All-City Orchestra; Orchestra in Honor of Dr. Torsion; Choral Club; Glee Club; Music Festival; Chorus; Conductor; Secretary; Photoplay Club; Literary Club; Naturalist Club.

Endorse

Endorse

Endorse



26 Prospect Place

STEPHEN J. MYSKO

General Latin: Undecided

"His manhood breathes in every line,—
"as every heart more human."

Vice-President (2), Naturalist Club; Vice-President, Photoplay Club; Boys' Service Club; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Rifle Club; Marksman Award.

To
Good Will!

NATHANIEL J. NUDENBERG

26 Leo Place Technical: Newark Technical

"Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces."

Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Technical Club.



HELEN PECKER

13 Aldine Street Commercial Spanish: Business

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,

To learn, to comfort, and command."

Make-Up Box; Students' Aid Society; Vice-President (2), Sewing Club; Spanish Club; President, Vice-President, N. L. C.; Sewing Club; Chevrons (4); Sesqui-Centennial; Dancings Exhibition; Schubert Singers; Sewing Exhibition; Music Festival; Penmanship Award.



JULIA POCHT

Duane Street General French: Newark Normal

"I'll lead and command."

German Club; Music Club; Treasurer (2), Sewing Club; N. L. C.; Sewing Exhibition.



ROSE RAAB

335 Camden Street

French and Latin: N. Y. C.

"Silence is golden."

Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Studio Club; Chess Club.



THE PIVOT



*Best of Luck
to an old sidekick
Leonard Reinhardt*

LEONARD CHARLES REINHARDT
570 West Sixth Street Technical: Newark Technical
"And pleasing expectation."
Technical Club.



Good girl

VIOLA YOLANDA RICCIO
299 Fairmount Avenue Commercial Spanish: Business
"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight."
Girls' Basketball Team; Pentathlon '27; Dancing Exhibi-
tion; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Spanish Club; Treasurer,
Circolo Italiano; Girls' Athletic Association; Chevrons (3).



MIRIAM ROSENHAFT
615 Orange Street Commercial German: N. J. Law
"They who are pleased themselves must always please."
Stadium Dedication; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Philosophy
Club; German Club; N. L. C.; Students' Aid Society; Honor
Roll (4).



Best wishes

MABEL ROTHFUSS
95 Leslie Street Commercial German: Business
"The great ambition of a woman, believe me, is to
inspire love."
German Club; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.

THE PIVOT

Pauline Scher
 174 Ridgewood Avenue Commercial German: N. Y. C.
 "How all her care was but to be fair,
 And all her task to be sweet."
 German Club; Penmanship Award; Sesqui-Centennial
 Parade; Stadium Dedication; N. L. C.



Viol. Kruck Schuck
 63 Carroll Avenue Commercial German: Business
 "Does the earth like a harp, shiver into songs with
 the touch of my feet."
 Vice-President (4) German Club; Sesqui-Centennial
 Parade; Girls' Service Club.



Frances Schwartz
 102-4 Morton Street Commercial Spanish: Business
 "Sweetness of disposition charms the soul."
 Make-Up Box; Spanish Club; Students' Aid Society;
 Sewing Exhibition; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Stadium Dedication;
 Penmanship Award; Typing Award.



Milton J. Schwartz
 389 South Orange Avenue Fine Arts: Baltimore University
 "While I build castles in the air,
 I find of earth, void of fear."
 Boys' Service Club; President, Naturalist Club; Treasurer,
 Make-Up Box; Scenery Maker for Make-Up Box; Chess and
 Checker Club; Scientific Club; Latin Club.





June 1914
HAROLD L. SESSOMS
 123 South Thirteenth Street General Spanish: Howard
 "A good man and true."
 Indoor Track '24, '25, '26; Naturalist Club.



Dear Let's follow where you go. is my wish to. Jan. 1914
HANNAH BURGER STAFTON
 37 Mares Avenue Commercial German: Business
 "I'll sign myself to Fate."
 Pennmanship Award; Stadium Dedication; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Wake-Up Box; Girls' Service Club; May Festival.



Sincere Wishes
IRVING SHUSTER
 15 Somerset Street Fine Arts Spanish: Michigan Univ.
 "Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
 I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I."
 Basketball '26, '27; Stadium Dedication; Gym Exhibition;
 Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Morris Canal Dedication.



A good friend
JOHN DONALD SIBILIA
 51 Webster Street General Spanish: Undecided
 "Action follows thought."
 Cheerleader '25, '28; President, C. M. T. C. Club; Circolo Italiano; Secretary (2), Air Cadets Squadron; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.

THE PIVOT

*Sincerely,
Claire*

CLAIRE SOLOWITZ

88 Mapes Avenue Commercial Spanish: Business
"Short and sweet."

Girls' Service Club; Girls' Athletic Association; Spanish Club; Make-Up Box; Secretary, 4C Class; Cast "Hinges of History"; Stadium Dedication; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Dance Exhibition; Students' Aid Society.



SAM SPIELER

316 Hawthorne Avenue General Latin: Indecided
"The knowledge of thyself will preserve thee from
vanity."

Chess and Checker Club; Glee Club; Choral Club; Latin Club; German Club; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.



BESSIE STARR

188 Waverly Avenue Commercial German: N. Y. University
"Still waters run deep."

Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Stadium Dedication; Penmanship Award; Honor Roll (2); German Club; Students' Aid Society.



HELEN STEIN

603 Springfield Avenue Commercial History: Rider College
"The old, old story—fair and young,
And fond—and not too wise."

Stadium Dedication; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Penmanship Award.





ESTHER N. STEINWURTZEL

86 Belmont Avenue Commercial German: N. Y. University

"Pleasure tasteth work after service."

Sesqui-Centennial Parade; German Club; Penmanship Award; Students' Aid Society.



ELIZABETH H. STRELINGER

406 Morris Avenue General French: Montclair Normal

"It is good to be firm of temperament and flexible by consideration."

Photoplay Club; Chevrons (3); Dancing Exhibition.



RUTH TOMASKO

177 North Fourth Street

Commercial Spanish; Business

"I hope he loves me best the calls me Tom."

Stadium Dedication; Girls' Track and Field; Glee Club; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Penmanship; Basketball; Chevrons (5); Captain, Volley Ball Team; President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Girls Athletic Association; Photoplay Club.



BERNARD SAUL TRATTLER

528 South Thirteenth Street Commercial History: N. Y. U.

"To a good man nothing that happens is evil."

Boys' Service Club; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Typing Award.

THE PIVOT

Best wishes for success

ANN TROCHY-MCROCK
73 West Street Commercial German: Undecided
"I would rather suffer unjustly than act unjustly."
German Club; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Honor Roll.



Sincerely to a friend,
JOHN L. V. HAKES
24 Frank Street Technical M. I. T.
"Mind is over the order of the universe."
Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Technical Club.



Best all
MARA WATERS
90 Charlton Street Commercial German: N. University
"A pair of blue eyes."
Dramatic Club; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Stadium Dedication; Typing Awards (2); Penmanship Award.



Best
JENNIE WEINSTEIN
97 Baldwin Street Commercial German: Business
"The best work in the world is done on the quiet."
Girls' Service Club; Treasurer, Literary Club; Vice-President (2); Library Club; Naturalist Club; Penmanship Award; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.





*"Success
and all your children
must do as you
do"*

HAROLD A. WEITZMAN
712 Summer Avenue General Latin: N. J. College of Pharm.
"Skill is stronger than strength."
Boys' Service Club; Latin Club; Cheerleader '28; Baseball
Sesqui-Centennial Parade.



Blest be the art that can immortalize

GERTRUDE WITKOVSKY
234 Prince Street Fine Arts/French: Montclair Normal
"It was roses, roses all the way."
Secretary, Philosophy Club; Girls' Service Club; Girls'
Athletic Association; Pentathlon; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.



RAE MARY ZUCKERMAN
495 South Eighteenth Street General Spanish: Pratt Inst.
"Blest be the art that can immortalize."
Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Studio Club; Music Club;
Spanish Club.



Back to the future

ANNE MARIE ZWEIDINGER
25 Monticello Avenue Commercial Art: Undecided
"Oh, Beauty, find thyself in love, not in the flattery
of the mirror."
Vice-President, Studio Club.

THE PIVOT

will "Stitch"
(EMINUEL DISCUS)



CLARA WEINSTEIN

14 Peshine Avenue Commercial: Pratt Institute
 "Common sense is not so common."
 Penmanship Award; Glee Club; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.

Yours graduation
 ROSE GOLDMAN
 584 6th St. Fine Arts Spanish: Trenton Physical Normal
 "Truth feeds no colours."
 Study Club; Girls' Athletic Association; Naturalist Club;
 Girls' Track '28; Girls' Basketball '28, '29.

MICHAEL WIZDA

830 South Seventeenth Street General Spanish: Rutgers
 "Strike but spare."
 Hi-Y Club; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Typing Award.

SOPHIE KRAYESKI

311 West Kinney Street Commercial Spanish: Undecided
 "All my joys to this are folly;
 Naught so sweet as melancholy."
 Stadium Dedication; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.

MILLIE MARKOWITZ

Hunterdon Street Commercial German: Business
 "Throne lady all that is not one with my life, nor
 light as my laughter."
 Penmanship Award; Treasurer Students' Aid Society;
 German Club; Philosophy Club.

never to some
prayer. I wish
made I wish
you would know
but
Miller

THE PIVOT

For a book read
to mind of Montella
 DOMINIC MONTELLA
 40 Gilson Avenue
 General Spanish: Undecided
 "I am not of other words"
 Circolo Italiano.
Wishing of success
of 20th
 ESTHER SCHWARTZ
 104 Schuyler Avenue
 Music is the food of gods.
 Secretary: Music Club; Schubert Singers; Concert Master
 Orchestra '27, '28; Combined High School Orchestra; Orches-
 tra for Dr. Corson; German Club; Dancing Exhibition;
 Sesqui-Centennial Parade.
 HARRISON
 GEORGE WASHINGTON VLIET
"Best of luck"
G. W. Vliet.

Plays in Their Relation to Central

- | | |
|--|--|
| Joan of Arc—Jocheved Mudrick | Mikado—Editor of the PIVOT |
| Ghosts—Mabel Ruthfuss and Ruth Birnbaum | Importance of Being Earnest—Us Seniors |
| Twelfth Night—Night before exams | School of Scandal—Girls' lockers |
| As You Like It—Four on your card or a month's detention | Justice—Referee at basketball game |
| Prometheus Bound—When you must be diplomatic | Marco Millions—Nathan Eggert |
| The Learned Ladies—Senior girls | Royal Family—Mr. Wiener, Mr. Miller and Seniors |
| The Tempest—The lunchroom | Lady of the Sea—Frances Schwartz |
| A Full House—PIVOT office | Student Prince—Frank Dufford |
| And So To Bed—After cramming for exams | Androcles and the Lion—A freshie and Bill the elevator man |
| The Blue Bird—Rose Blum | Arms and the Man—Rifle Club |
| The Green Goddess—Elizabeth Strebinger | Quality Street—High Street |
| The Servant in the House—Mr. Herzberg's secretary | The Admirable Crichton—John Vlahakes |
| The Boss—Mr. Wiener | Volpone—Milton Schwartz |
| The Melting Pot—The boys' lockers | Hold Everything—The PIVOT is out |
| Midsummer's Night's Dream—In assembly | Show Boat—4A boat ride |
| A Comedy of Errors—Wrong diplomas | Spring is Here—Tra la la la |
| Enemy of the People—Ben-Ami Kaplan | Indiscretion—Freshie not slamming to a senior. |
| Dracula—Hyman Lessin | Let Us Be Gay—We'll pass (maybe) |
| Rain or Shine—Branford early birds | She Stoops to Conquer—Helen Pecker |
| Vagabond King—Teddy Kirschenman | The Frogs—Sophomores |
| Security—Diploma | Good Boy—Bernard Trattler |
| The Miracle—Passing three out of four subjects | Whoopee—After graduation |
| He Who Gets Slapped—Fellow seen wearing a derby to school | Boom, Boom—Our school orchestra |
| Imaginary Invalid—Passing flunker | Kibitzer—Esther Moskowitz |
| Trial of Mary Dugan—Girl explaining reason of absence from gym | She Got What She Wanted—A fraternity pin |
| Front Page—Advertisements | Three Cheers—For Central |
| | Little Accident—Down the Up stairway |
| | Lady Fingers—Virginia Fredericks |

THE PIVOT

Radio Central Program

(Given by Senior Class of Central High School on
April 1, 1929)

WOOF

- 10:00—Bed Time Story—Morris Klein.
- 12:30—Piano Wrecker—Jocheved Mudrick.
- 12:40—Talk, "Gold-diggers"—Robert Freyberger.
- 3:00—Daily Diet—Eleanor Liberty.
- 3:30—Baird's Orchestra.

BLAH

- 9:00—Sports—Sam Epstein.
- 11:10—Miracle Hour—Ierubino Fruit Stores.
- 12:00—Unhappiness Boys—Montella and Nuthenberg.
- 1:45—Never Ready Hour—Anna Lutsky, Rose Goldman, James Moore.
- 2:20—Lessons in Loveliness—Helen Klepacky.

OOF

- 8:00—Wash-up Hour.
- 9:23—"Deserts"—Millie Markowitz.
- 12:02—Play—"Make-up Box."
- 1:02—Interwoven Pair—Cohen and Fleischfarb.
- 2:09—Song Squaker—Celia Bunin.
- 4:50—"Spirits"—Ruth Goldstein.

SNIFF

- 6:45—Slumber Music—Tomasko, Director.
- 7:30—Spanish Lessons—Rose Blum.
- 9:45—"A Trip To Greece"—Esther Kass.
- 10:00—"Muddy Compiexions"—Anne Zweidinger.
- 2:30—Weather Reports—John Vlahakes.
- 3:00—Mix-Up Boys—Carl and Frank Montana.
- 4:56—Latin Conjugation Hour.
- 6:43—"Advice to Wanderers"—Louis Ciallella.
- 9:17—Organ Recital—Central High School.
- 10:45—Backyard Quartet—Dolson, Steinwurtzel, Witkowsky, Rothfuss.

OUT

- 8:30—Health Exercises—Maffeo, Instructor.
- 9:15—Harp Playing—Frances Schwartz (Steinway halo used).
- 10:00—Loudon's Entertainers.
- 12:00—"How To Be Loved By The Faculty"—Leonard Reinhardt.
- 2:49—Smith Brothers—Weitzman and Schwartz.
- 3:30—"Corn Treatments"—Julia Pochtar.

When We Were Freshmen

REMEMBER THE TIME WHEN:

You walked into the auditorium and so nonchalantly took a "Chatter," and someone ran after you and said, "A nickel, please," and you stammered and said, "Oh, excuse me, I thought it was a program."

The teacher in algebra asked you what "Pi" was and you said it was pastry. He corrected you. Then you went to cooking and the teacher asked you what "Pie" was and you said it was a symbol for $3 \frac{1}{7}$.

You came tardy and you were told you would have to wait for detention and you thought it was a teacher.

Your English teacher requested you to buy the Golden Book and you told your folks you're getting ailded book.

You came at 9 o'clock in order to be in time for the sixth period.

Some senior sold you an elevator pass for 25c and told you that you were getting a bargain.

Senior Repetitions

- Lillian Abromowitz—Shut your face.
- Rose Blum—Shame on you six times.
- Vivian Cristoffel—Don't touch me.
- Nathan Eggert—I'm not worryin'.
- Robert Freyberger—Hello, Lizzy!
- Fay Gennet—Do you want anything, Ben?
- Oscar Herberg—I'm a smart guy.
- Joe Ierubino—Boy! I'm telling you.
- Ben-Ami Kaplan—What's the matter now?
- Teddy Kirschenman—We're fighting for the principle.
- Sidney Lazarov—It ain't my fault.
- Jocheved Mudrick—Let me think.
- Stephen Mysko—Ya know? . . .
- Helen Pecker—Holy Mackerel!
- Miriam Rosenhaft—Don't be absurd.
- Viola Riccio—Oh! Yes
- Frances Schwartz—Don't be funny.
- Bernard Trattler—For crying out tears!

THE BALLOT OF THE 4A'S

Most Popular Boys—

Victor Di Filippo
Ted Kirschenman

Most Popular Girls—

Alma Otto
Norma Waters

Best Looking Boys—

Irving Schuster
Victor Di Filippo

Best Looking Girls—

Marie Lepore
Emily Levinsky

Best All-Around Boys—

Victor Di Filippo
Ted Kirschenman

Best All-Around Girls—

Helen Stein
Rose Fleischfarb

Best Boy Dressers—

Robert Freyberger
Milton Schwartz

Best Girl Dressers—

Claire Solowitz
Helen Pecker

Boys Most Likely to Succeed—

Ben-Ami Kaplan
John Vlahakes

Girls Most Likely to Succeed—

Helen Klepacky
Esther Moskowitz

Most Respected Boys—

Ben-Ami Kaplan
Victor Di Filippo

Most Respected Girls—

Frances Schwartz
Helen Klepacky

Best Boy Athletes—

Victor Di Filippo
Ted Kirschenman

Best Girl Athletes—

Ruth Tomasko
Alma Otto

Done Most for Class, Boys—

Ben-Ami Kaplan
Nathan Eggert

Done Most for Class, Girls—

Alma Otto
Fay Gennet

Hardest Boy Workers—

Ben-Ami Kaplan
Nathan Eggert

Hardest Girl Workers—

Alma Otto
Fay Gennet

Quietest Boys—

Hyman Lessin
Edward Bendel

Quietest Girls—

Anna Trochymczuk
Edna Chasen

Noisiest Boys—

Milton Schwartz
Robert Freyberger

Noisiest Girls—

Shirley Levine
Viola Riccio

Most Conceited Boys—

Victor Di Filippo
Rob Freyberger

Most Conceited Girls—

Anne Zweidinger
Helen Pecker

Most Obliging Boys—

Ralph Lordi
Nathan Eggert

Most Obliging Girls—

Shirley Korngold
Esther Kass

Wittiest Boys—

Louis Ciallella
Ben-Ami Kaplan

Wittiest Girls—

Millie Markowitz
Pauline Scher

Biggest Drag with Faculty, Boys—

Ben-Ami Kaplan
Edward Bendel

Biggest Drag with Faculty, Girls—

Miriam Rosenhaft
Fay Gennet

Class Babies, Boys—

Bernard Trattler
Leonard Bennes

Class Babies, Girls—

Shirley Levine
Claire Solowitz

Class Pests, Boys—

Milton Schwartz
Leonard Bennes

Class Pests, Girls—

Best Dancers, Boys—

Victor Di Filippo
Ralph Lordi

Best Dancer, Girls—

Rose Cohen
Miriam Rosenhaft

OUR EARLY SPRING LAMBS

THIS WAY
OUT

TED-KIRSCHENMAN
ANOTHER OF
THOSE POPULAR
FELLOWS
WITH THE
???

ANNE ZWEIDINGER
A PURE
CENTRAL
PRODUCT

RALPH LORDI
THE BIG NOISE
AROUND CENTRAL

MAX KLINE
WHOSE AM-
BITION IS TO
BECOME A
HISTORY PROFESSOR

VICK
DIFILIPPO
CENTRAL'S
ALL-ROUND ATHLETE
OUT FOR
HIS SPRING
TRAINING

(I SUPPOSE, TO
STUDY MORE
OF THE PRIVATE LIFE
OF CLEO)

YOU'LL HAVE TO GUESS
WHO?
I'M TELLING NO NAMES

EDHERMAN



Archon Club

President..... Frances Leibowitz
 Vice-President Estelle Lucks
 Secretary Martha Shapiro
 Treasurer..... Rose Horowitz

202 A. M.—
 Sechtling, George

204 A. M.—
 Keil, Tina

207 A. M.—
 Bates, Irma
 Elman, Francis

210 A. M.—
 Kass, Esther

214 A. M.—
 Leibowitz, Bertha
 Spitalny, William
 Transhunoff, Sol

217 A. M.—
 Kappstatter, Leah
 Miller, Florence

219 A. M.—
 Feldman, Beatrice
 Hax, Edna
 Katcher, Esther
 Katopes, Katherine
 Kotkin, Myrtle
 Lehrer, Esther
 Lieberman, Dora

Lloyd, Grace
 Stillman, Ruth
 Swearsky, Alice
 Woisard, Ruth
 Zenkel, Valeria

301 A. M.—
 Abramson, Rose
 Genet, Lena
 Gelband, Edythe
 Iannarone, Grace
 Kanerek, Paul
 Karkowsky, Yetta
 Lutsky, Esther
 Neiss, Anna
 Rabito, Josephine
 Schulman, Marion
 Simon, Ruth
 Solomon, Doris
 Staff, Charlotte
 Zimmerman, Blanche

304 A. M.—
 Bederson, Sidney
 Freund, Laura
 Laskot, Frank
 Lieberman, Irving
 Narol, Aaron
 Pollack, Rose
 Weinstein, Anna

310 P. M.—
 Rusoff, Isadore
 Wissotsky, Aaron

317 P. M.—
 Gorfman, Nathan

404 A. M.—
 Ontell, David
 Spitalny, Gertrude

408 A. M.—
 Eggert, Nathan
 Gennet, Fay
 Chasen, Edna
 Smith, Arthur

413 A. M.—
 Apner, Morris
 Katz, Harry

THE PIVOT

HONOR ROLL

202 A. M.—		309 A. M.—	
Sechtling, George	1	Handler, William	1
207 A. M.—		310 P. M.—	
Green, Anna	6	Wissotsky, Aaron	1
Grutz, Celia	2	317 A. M.—	
Schaimman, Florence	2	Fenichel, Sol	7
210 A. M.—		Fried, Joseph	1
Rosenhaft, Miriam	3	Wechsler, Irving	2
Star, Bessie	1	317 P. M.—	
Zweindinger, Ann	1	Gorfman, Nathan	1
211 A. M.—		404 A. M.—	
Helfenbein, Henrietta	1	Spitalny, Gertrude	2
Palicastro, Katherine	1	408 A. M.—	
212 A. M.—		Chasen, Edna	1
Hershorn, Betty	1	Eggert, Nathan	3
214 A. M.—		Smith, Arthur	5
Bromberg, Elsie	1	409 A. M.—	
Cohen, Ida	1	Kruessel, Gertrude	2
Leibowitz, Bertha	2	410 A. M.—	
Spitalny, William	1	Herth, Tessie	2
219 A. M.—		411 A. M.—	
Brooks, Lena	2	Dean, Elwood	1
Feldman, Beatrice	2	Oksenhorn, Julius	2
Friedman, Sophie	1	Schwartz, Eileen	3
Katcher, Esther	4	412 A. M.—	
Leibowitz, Frances	3	Fisher, Morris	3
Swearsky, Alice	2	Ring, Verna	1
Woisard, Ruth	2	413 A. M.—	
304 A. M.—		Deutch, Florence	1
Highton, Dorothy	8	Katz, Harry	1
		Rogers, Muriel	1

Silly Rimes

Oh, ye, that gaze with forlorn eyes,
Upon these rhymes of Seniors wise,
In ye, their qualities will inspire
At numerous higher aims, to aspire.
Oh, hard, and real this gay procession:
Names in alphabet succession!

Lillian Abramowitz is a girl we know
Who attacks her work as if with a hoe.

Al Albanese is a fellow with looks,
If only he were as good in his books.

Belle and Charlotte Apter are sisters two—
Did you both really pass all the way through?

Robert Baird is a true sharp shooter
But is he able to ride a "scooter"?

Edward Bendel, fast and frivolous,
A likely chap, and maybe chivalrous.

Your knowledge, **Bennes**, makes us stagger,
But goodness, lose that Percy swagger.

Hannah Berger, what an eater!
Would you dare to try and beat her?

With her manners far from proud,
Ruth Birnbaum joins the motley crowd.

She steps a bit, laughs a bit, sighs a bit,
Yet, that's the way **Rose Blum** makes a hit.

John Bobyock, strong and manly,
Thru the halls he walks so proudly.

Celia Bunin struts her stuff
Watch her muscles—strong enough.

Edna Chasen's a sweet little miss:
Will she run like Daphne from a kiss?

A tall girl is **Vivian Christofell**,
But why so solemn, will you pray tell?

Louis Ciallella studies physics,
What a difference from tackling lyrics!

Rose Cohen, you look so stiff;
Would you break if dropped from a cliff?

Antoinette De Cosmo, pray do tell,
Didn't you ever fall in a well?

Yea, for **Captain Di Filippo**!
A dandy chief, but a better beau.

If **Lorraine Dolson** were a bit more cheery
This gloomy world would be less dreary.

Lillian Doroson will irony sling
But never sting much of anything.

A right good marksman is **Dufford, Frank**,
And more than that—he is no crank.

Nathan Eggert, with your vast knowledge,
You'd make a stude for some great college.

Sam Epstein is one good tumbler,
Nowadays they come no humbler.

Urban Falk, a handsome chap,
At anything takes a crack.

Rose Fleischfarb's a muddy blonde,
Of sheiky boys she's very fond.

Rebecca Finkelstein, or just plain Beck,
A girl with "it," and lots, by heck!

Black-haired **Cecilia Finn**,
We like your figure so lithe and thin.

THE PIVOT

Of manly strength is **Ben Fratantuano**,
Who can easily wreck a grand piano.

Jinny Fredricks, must you always wiggle,
Each time you set about to giggle?

Robert John Freyberger, you have a long name,
We know you have the same sort of brain.

Frank Galambus is no squawker,
He would make a good night walker.

"Sweet noise on earth, a woman's tongue,"
Fay Gennet, to you these words are sung.

Rose Goldman will teach in gym,
She certainly has the push and vim.

Ruth Goldstein, are you really leaving?
Surely the whole school will soon be grieving.

"Sober, steadfast, and demure,"
That's **Ruth Greitzer**, to be sure.

Michael Gwizda, what a name!
Such a handle who would claim?

Madeline Harrison, small and quiet,
Were you ever in a riot?

Oscar Herberg, a clever young man,
Gets good grades whenever he can.

Here are two girls that think they're ritzy,
Thelma Holmlund and **Sophie Krayeski**.

Joseph Ierubino in the air will mingle,
Watch out, man, or you'll be single.

Let **Esther Kass**, with hair like flax,
Tell how she lands her Jims and Jacks.

Ben-Ami Kaplan (may his tribe increase),
At meetings never believes in peace.

Mary Katcher alone must be:
"Oh, hush and hush, don't bother me."

Jeanette Katz with her long hair,
Makes us all just stop and stare.

Betty Kesselman a mean step does trot,
Some little baby, folks, eh, what?

Teddy Kirschenman the girls adore,
At 4A meetings he makes them roar.

If, **Morris Klein**, you cannot sing,
Who then to Central fame will bring?

Helen Klepacky, you all-around girl,
Don't fret because your hair won't curl.

Shirley Korngold, our typist so fair—
Scarlet her lips are and blond her hair.

Milton Krasner, why look so dazed?
Is it because you're always amazed?

Gladys Kunkel, tell us, pray,
Why you are always blithe and gay?

Sidney Lazarov, where have you been?
Why not to a meeting just drop in?

Gaetana Lepore, you'll be a flop
Unless you visit a barber shop.

You like to chew, **Marie Lepore**;
But doesn't your palate ever get sore?

Hyman Lessin, a chemistry shark,
Will never sing much like a lark.

Shirley Levine, her boy friend will meet,
Whether on Broad or on Bergen Street.

Emily Levinsky, somehow or other,
Gets out of one plight and into another.

Eleanor Liberty with her marcelled hair—
Acts as tho she had never a care.

Ralph Lordi, with some pen and ink,
Can draw your picture in a wink.

THE PIVOT

Gerald Loudon, now that spring is here,
Won't you stay for another year?

Leo Lowenstein, such a boy,
To the maidens he's a joy.

Anna Lutsky, why so pensive?
Surely to talk is not offensive.

Mario Maffeo, our little man,—
Wants to grow a moustache if he can.

The Technical Club sans **John Marinaro**
Is like a bow without an arrow.

Millie Markowitz never says much,
That's why she seldom gets in dutch.

The big **Montanas**, **Carl** and **Frank**,
Twin each other, file and rank.

Dominic Montella, watch him grow.
His height is rising—he's on the go.

Jimmy Moore, you're a gallant lad,
But why so downcast, och, begad!

Esther Moskowitz will always talk,
When it comes to gabbing no one her can balk.

To **Jocheved's** playing you can't hold a candle,
Perhaps she intends to surpass even Handel.

Stephen Mysko is ever at his Bi.,
Plants and birds just suit his eye.

A musical lad is **Nat Nudenberg**—
But he might finish up as a metallurg.

Alma Otto is a quite good sport,
And there aren't so many of her rare sort.

Helen Pecker, sagacious you are,
Some day, no doubt, you'll take to the bar.

Emanuel Pincus, come hither, come hither,
You're like a flower ready to whither.

Julia Pochtar is either chewing gum
Or else she's looking about for a chum.

If you hear a constant gab, gab, gab,
Nine out of ten it's **Rosie Raab**.

Lennie Reinhardt, he's *some* smart dear;
He does his homework once a year.

Viola Riccio wears lots of red,
Without it would she look quite dead?

Miriam Rosenhaft, I'd eat my hat,
If you'd refuse to sit and chat.

A thin little girl is **Mabel Rothfuss**;
Whenever she eats she's quaint as a puss.

Pauline Scher, full of tricks and clues,
She makes us laugh, and drives away blues.

In a pocket one could tuck,
Our smallest girl, **Viola Schuck**.

Esther Schwartz, the fiddle plays,
And cheers up all our rainy days.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Why, **Frances Schwartz**,—you simple prune!

Your ambitions, **Milt Schwartz**, they soar quite
high,
But all the same you're a darn good guy.

Irving Schuster, you're a quiet lad,
What would happen if you got mad?

John Sibilis is usually seen
Selling teachers gasoline.

You may be short, **Claire Solowitz**,
But tall enough to turn a boy's wits.

Sam Spieler is a tall lanky fellow,
From day to day he does nothing but bellow.

Bessie Starr, so studious and wise,
Really you have such wondrous eyes!

THE PIVOT

You'll make a perfect stenog, **Helen Stein**,
For some executive, or college dean.

Esther Steinwurtzel's a pretty maid,
We hope her beauty will never fade.

Elizabeth Strebinger, with her sportish figure,
Is always full of vigor and vim.

Ruth Tomasko loves boyish sport,
That's why we call her "Tom" for short.

A nice lad is **Bernard Saul Trattler**,
And I'm happy to say he's not a tattler.

Anna Trochymczuk, of pensive mien,
Ever with all her books is seen.

If **John Vlahakes** will not succeed
Then who, we ask, can ever lead?

George Washington Vleit, I wonder
Is your name a stupid blunder?

A modern miss is **Norma Waters**,
Behold! she's one of our dancing daughters.

Clara Weinstein is a girl with a frown,
Come, remove it, or you'll wear no crown.

Outside she's gay, in school she shines,
There aren't many **Jennie Weinstains**.

Harold Weitzman with his smile so rare,
Some day *might* be a millionaire.

Gertrude Witkowsky, shy and demure,
A home girl is she, we're certainly sure.

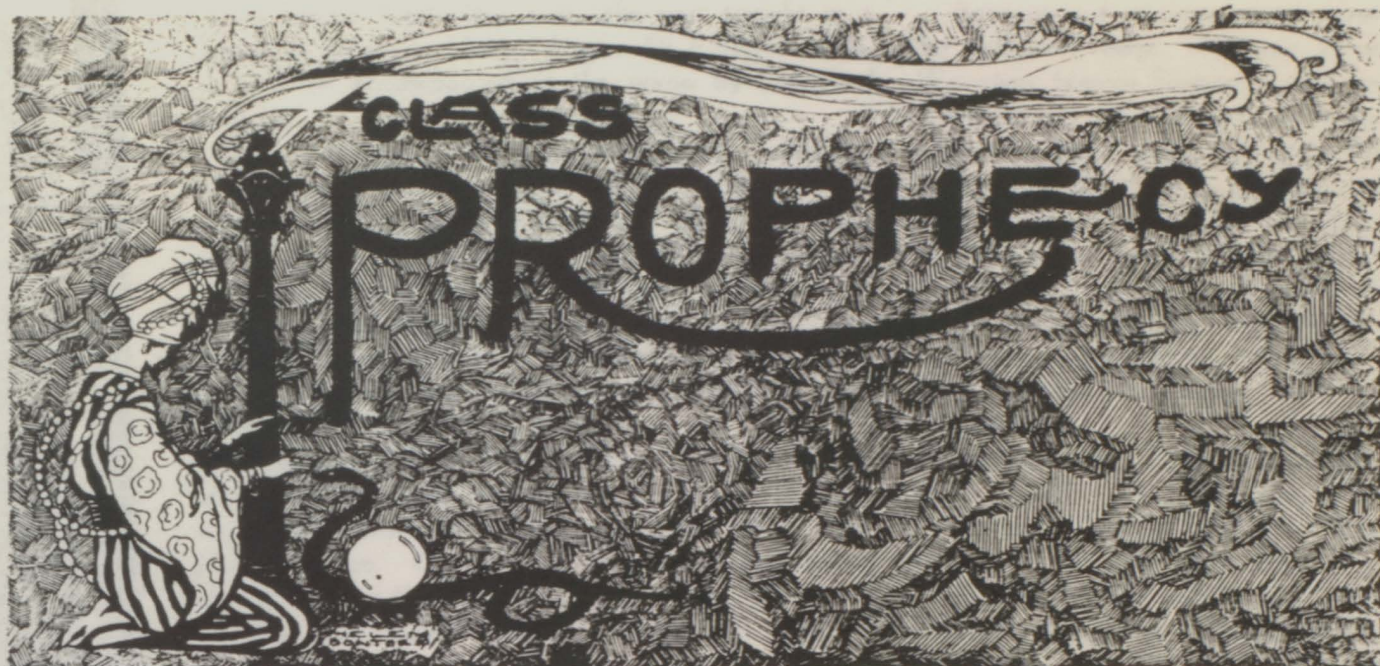
Rae Zuckerman is ever in mid-air,
She dreams and dreams and gets nowhere.

Who wouldn't stop a bit and linger,
To get a glimpse of **Anne Zweidinger**?

What Central Should Have

A decent piano
Shorter periods
Tennis courts
Free fountain pens
No examinations
Gym and cooking not compulsory
Radios in every room
No memory selections
Easy teachers
A hot house
Free soft drinks
Carpeted floors
A locker for each person
Electric fans in rooms and corridors
A well-kept lawn
Clean halls
Longer morning assemblies
No first periods
A swimming pool!

Elevators with seats
Escalators
Free spelling books
Free food in lunchroom
Free drinking cups
Gum slots
Porters to carry pupils' books
Portable typewriters for each pupil
No 4A speeches
Free mirrors for girl's lockers
Rest rooms
Private buses
No book reports
Enough erasers
Free soda fountain
Golf links
Movies
No homework
An Organ



Having put my children to bed one night, I sat down to read the papers. My eyes were arrested by the following: *Nathan Eggert*, prominent astronomer, is sending his two assistants, *Rebecca Kesselman* and *Joseph Ierubino* to explore Mars. The interplanetary vehicle which has been devised for the venture will be propelled by *Robert Freyberger*.

Helen Klepacky is running for Mayor, and *George Washington Vliet*, *Robert Baird*, *Emanuel Pinkus*, *Morris Klein*, *Gertrude Witkowski*, are running for City Commissioners. They urge their fellow graduates not to forget them.

After satisfying my thirst for the sensational, I turned to the second page. There I saw a very interesting announcement which ran as follows: "*Ben-Ami Kaplan*, The Famous Futuristic Botanist, Is Engaged In Producing A Perfumed Cabbage." This unique heading, arousing my interest, I read further and learned some facts. For instance, *Mr. Kaplan* is married to *Lillian Doroson* and has two children. Working with him on his experimental farm are *Stephen Mysko* and *Sydney Lazarov*, both of whom are busily engaged in trying to raise a specie of headless cauliflower. *Rose Blum* is *Mr. Kaplan's* secretary and is learning a great deal about the business.

I next turned to the sporting page, and found a photo of *Elizabeth Strebinger*, *Ruth Tomasko*, and *Frank Montana*, who are starring for the United States in the Olympics. *Esther Moskowitz* had hiked to California with *Ruth Greitzer* and had covered this vast distance in record time—three weeks. Of course, they took hitches in airplanes. *Eleanor Liberty* won a medal for walking across the Morris Canal. She was presented with it by *John Sibilia*, President of the Castor Oil Company. A seven-day bicycle race between *Leonard Bennes* and *Frank Dufford* ended in a tie. The referee was none other than *Rae Zuckerman*.

At the top of the opposite page I noticed *Ralph Lordi's* signature, which happened to be attached to a comic strip. To my delight I discovered that the original Andy Gump is no other than our own *Ted Kirschenman*. On the bottom of the page there followed a resume of a lecture given by *Viola Riccio*. It told of her recent trip into the South American jungles; in this expedition were *Al Albanese*, *Marie Lepore*, *Anna Trochymzuk*, and *James Moore*. The hunters brought home many trophies, which are now displayed at the Newark Museum.

Reading on I came across this interesting article:

"Two former Centralites will take part tonight in a concert at Carnegie Hall. *Victor Di Filippo*, violinist, will be accompanied at the piano by *Jocheved Mudrick*.

Next I turned to the advertising page. Heading the advertising staff was *Milton Krasner*, *Bessie Starr* and *Fay Gennet* being his assistants. While perusing that page, I glanced over the help-wanted columns. An ad of prominence was: "Wanted: Middle-aged secretary, good references. Inquire *Madeline Harrison*, 657 Thin Street." Another was, "Dancing lessons, nominal fee. *Norma Waters*, 690 Eye Rolling Terrace, New York.

A likeness of *Carl Montana* and *Gaetana Lepore* on the adjacent page caught my attention. Beneath was a brief summary of their marriage, which took place at Rome. On the same page I was confronted by a picture of *Charlotte* and *Belle Apter*, who both had won the world's record for typewriter speeding at the rate of one hundred and fifty words per minute. *Harold Weitzman* was photographed with his secretary, *Shirley Korngold*, in honor of his unveiling a statue of *Virginia Fredricks*, world famous authoress.

In an account of a recent bathing beauty contest the judges were *Bernard Conen*, *Irving Shuster*, and *Edward Bendel*. I wasn't a bit surprised to learn that some of the contestants were *Frances Schwartz*, *Helen Pecker*, and *Mary Katcher*.

An account of a bazaar held in the Grand Central Palace followed. *Thelma Holmlund* was stationed at the book stand, *Edna Chasen* at the art counter, and *Antoinette De Cosmo*, selling false teeth.

On the radio page, *Rebecca Finkelstein* and *Celia Bunin* were on the affirmative side of a debate: "Resolved, That women should not assume their husbands' surnames." On the negative side were *Viola Schuck* and *Rose Fleischfarb*. This was being broadcast under the auspices of The Reinhardt Company. *Rose Goldman* and *Hyman Lessin* were giving a combined musical program. Another number was a series of brief lectures given by three young ladies, namely: *Esther Kass*, *Claire Solowitz* and *Anna Zewidinger*, on how to develop "IT". A sham (?) argument was given by *Hanna Burger*, *Rose Raab*, *Ruth Birnbaum* and *Ruth Goldstein* on "How to Bring up Children".

Accounts of various court cases were listed on the following page. "*Jennie Weinstein* and *Clara Weinstein*, famous Siamese Twins, were walking down Noisy Street, when a car driven by *John Vlahakes*, which contained *Esther Steinwurtzel* and *Sam Spieler*, turned into the street. It struck the twins, causing severe hurts. Now they are suing for \$5,000.00. The witnesses were *Pauline Scher* and *Lorraine Dolson*. Lawyer *John Marinaro* presented the case before the jury, among whom were *Alma Otto*, *Nat Nudenberg*, and *Millie Markowitz*. Judge *Marco Maffeo* dismissed the case, for it required too much concentration.

Horrors! A murder, and *Mrs. Milton Schwartz* the criminal!! *Mrs. Schwartz*, the former *Jeanette Katz*, has killed her husband, a prominent banker, with a frying pan. He died of acute indigestion, occasioned by his wife's badly fried lamb chops. Funeral services will be held tomorrow!

Another case: *Emily Levinsky*, *Anna Lutsky*, and *Gladys Kunkel* lost a vaudeville contract for appearing two minutes late at the stage director's office. This important official being *Oscar Herberg* and the accusers protested. After having heard the witnesses connected with the vaudeville profession: *Rose Cohen*, *Gerald Loudon*, *Frank Galambus* and *Harold Sessoms*, the case was turned over to the jury. The jury, of course, had to consist of the following: *Louis Ciallela*, *John Bobyock*, *Vivian Christoffel*, and *Michael Gwizda*. The three miscreants were sent back for more.

Don't be surprised when I knowingly smiled when I read this in the Society Page: "*Miss Shirley Levine* and *Bernard Trattler* were recently married at the Madison Square Garden, and are now spending their honeymoon in Florida." *Miriam Rosenhaft* was surprised* with a linen shower given by her many boy friends, *Julia Pochtar* acting as hostess. *Celia Fein* and *Sophie Kreyeski* have both gone South. Reasons are that Hollywood is not a bad place to capture a husband.

On the last page was some very good news from Washington. It stated that Congressmen *Urban Falk*, *Ben Fratantuono*, and *Leon Lowenstein* were

*(It must have been a typographical error on the part of the newspaper. The party named above was not surprised.—Ed.)

THE PIVOT

trying to pass the Chewing Act, which prohibits everyone from chewing except cows. They did not as yet succeed.

A rending howl from one of my twins interrupted my reading and brought my own station of life before me. Alas!

Unusual Bits of News

BUENOS AIRES.—Claire Solowitz is eating yeast in order to rise.

NEWARK AIRPORT.—Our famous cartoonist, Ralph Lordi, is drawing attention in the air.

PARIS.—Esther Kass is quoted as saying:

"Late to bed and early to rise,

That's the way to get the guys."

NIZHNI NOVGOROD, RUSSIA.—Our worthy citizen, Ruth Goldstein, is giving a series of lectures on "How to Become a Millionaire."

CHICAGO.—Bernard Trattler, the "big shot," is teaching those Chicago bandits new stunts.

GREENWICH VILLAGE.—Madame Rose Goldman, style expert, says that long and baggy clothes are now popular.

BRANFORD, N. J.—Charlotte and Belle Apter, famous sisters, are spending their time wasting other people's.

CALCUTTA, INDIA.—Edna Chasen, who is the Women's Dean in the Royal Normal School, is teaching the natives a new sanitary make-up.

DALLAS, TEXAS.—Louis Ciallela is tanning hides and people. He prefers tanning the latter to the former.

IRKUTSK, SIBERIA.—Miriam Rosenhaft was found in this secluded spot writing a new book, "Handsome Men I Have Known."

HONOLULU, HAWAII.—Millie Markowitz has opened a school for parachute jumping. Her students can now go down a flight of stairs without falling.

TIMBUCTOO, AFRICA.—Oscar Herberg has invented the moth-proof brief case, guaranteed to smother moths.

POTTSVILLE, ILLINOIS.—Leonard Bennes, well-known hunter, is raising guinea pigs for profit.

NEW YORK.—Victor Di Filippo, world's football hero, will speak over station WOOF tonight. The topic is "Kicks I Have Received."

MEXICO CITY.—Elizabeth Strebinger is giving a series of talks on "How to Develop Men's Muscles."

BERLIN.—Hymen Lessin, the philanthropist, has just patented a great boon to mankind, a noiseless alarm clock.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Edward Bendel is master of ceremonies at a banquet given by the T. B. M. A. (Tired Business-Men's Association).

DENVER.—Helen Pecker is running an institute for undernourished cats. She is a humanitarian and intends to serve her fellow men.

LONDON.—Ben-Ami Kaplan is a speaker for the order of the Hot Water Drinkers on the topic: "Why Tobacco Is Not Eaten, Too."

CALDWELL, N. J.—Marie Lepore has just opened an institute for disabled teachers.

MADRID.—Fay Gennet, a prominent member of the "Kitchen Cabinet," is advocating domestic science for husbands.

CAPE TOWN.—Gladys Kunkel is demonstrating a new tooth powder to the native public. She has already worn out three sets of teeth.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—Nathan Eggert is professor of bacteriology, morphology, embryology, and mineralogy at the Royal Institute. He believes in co-operation.

VIENNA.—Anne Zweidinger, famous beauty expert, is teaching apes how to become beautiful.

HOLLYWOOD.—Viola Riccio is starring in a famous Mexican picture, "Revolutionary Days."

AMSTERDAM.—Ruth Tomasko is training John Bobyock for the fifty-yard dash in the Olympics.

MONTMARTRE.—Jocheved Mudrick is leading the famous "Orchestra of Bohemians"; they play futuristic music only.

INDIGO, INDIA.—Ruth Birnbaum is experimenting dyeing circus elephants blond.

OLD FAMILIAR FACES

OUR ALL-ROUND STAR -- VIC. DIFILIPPO
A SEVEN LETTER STUDENT



A WONDERFUL
ATHLETE!
BALANCE
PEANUT
SAM EVSTEIN



MONTANA BROTHERS
CARL FRANK



DUPLICATES OF NAPOLEON
BRAVO SENIORS
THEY DO MORE LISTENING
AND LESS SPEAKING.

CELIA BUNIN



A MARK OF AMBITION
A MODERN STENO --
WHY STENOGRAPHERS
SUCCEED --

AL ALBANESE



OUR MOST
EXPERIENCED
BOXER
AND CROSSCOUNTRY
RUNNER

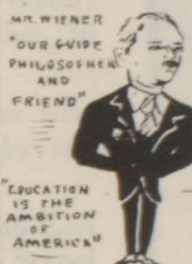
JOE IERUBINO
THE SENIORS' NOODLE
EATER



SPAGHETTIES

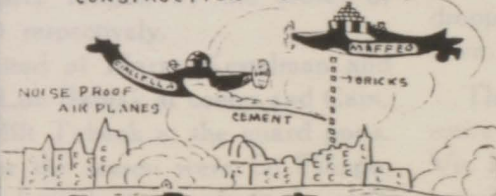


BEN-AMI-KAPLAN
A HARD WORKING
BOY
HE IS DUE TO
SUCCEED
EDITOR OF
"THE PIVOT"



MR. WIENER
"OUR GUIDE
PHILOSOPHER
AND
FRIEND"
"EDUCATION
IS THE
AMBITION
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CIALLELLA AND MAFFEO FUTURISTIC
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BUILDINGS MADE TO ORDER
WHILE YOU WAIT
USE OF AIRPLANES IN THE FUTURE



FRANCES
SCHWARTZ
THE SENIORS'
MOST BEAUTIFUL
AND RESPECTED
GIRL --



SENIORS FIFTY YEARS
FROM TODAY
*Opportunity Knocks
But Once!*
NOW'S YOUR
CHANCE



REBECCA FINKLESTEIN
A STUDIOUS AND
INTELLIGENT
SECRETARY!



CENTRAL'S
MOST POPULAR
AND OBLIGING
GIRL
ALMA OTTO



HAROLD SESSIONS WITH HIS OWN
MODERNISTIC PIANO
BOY CAN HE PLAY!



JOHN SIBILIA
CENTRAL'S
OUR
CHEER LEADER



Basketball

By Vic Di Filippo

Although losing their last game to Passaic High School in the semi-finals of the state championship tourney, the Central High basketball quintet turned out a successful season. It may be mentioned here that the Passaic team swept through the tournament to the high school championship. The Central team finished in a triple tie for the city championship after trailing during the early part of the league. The first two league games with East Side and South Side were lost by the scores of 29—19 and 18—27 respectively. But in the home games the team out for victory downed the East Side and South Side representatives in decisive fashion by the scores of 32—21 and 45—20 respectively.

The first five consisted of Harry Kesselman and Irv Segal at forwards, Lou Babiak at center and Capt. Vic Di Filippo and Milt Taback at the guard posts.

The high scorers for the season were Di Filippo, Babiak and Segal, who bore the brunt of attack, while the guarding of Taback and Kesselman's floorwork were bright lights.

This year's team achieved the distinction of being the first Central team to chalk up 100 points in a regular game, doing so in the first, when the Alumni struggled valiantly but in vain to check an avalanche of baskets which steadily increased to the century mark, while their best efforts reaped them but 30 points.

Among other first teammen who saw action were Medinski, Einhorn, Jordan, Cohen, Andrusky and Harmon.

Among the victims other than South Side and East Side were Battin High School, Plainfield High School and South Orange (twice). Close games were dropped to St. Benedict's, Bloomfield and Morristown.

The prospects for next year are very bright as the entire squad will be back with the exception of Capt. Vic Di Filippo who will bid his Alma Mater goodbye in May. Doc Sargeant will try to fill in the guard position and with a year's experience of playing together the team ought to go "great guns" next year.

Girls' Pentathlon

Again the Central girls participated in the annual gymnastic meet at West Side High School. Although they did not gain first place they made a good showing. The team consisted of Margaret Officer, Edna Hax, Laura Freund, Josephine Caputo, Catherine Katopes, Eleanor Leitereg, Gertrude Gibbs, Laura Friedman, Dorothy Greenwald, Evelyn Burkhardt, Sara Wideman, Edith Heims, Alma Otto, Dora Davis, Sara Hauser and Anna Noska. The events

entered were: Baseball Target Throw, Standing Hop, Skip and Jump, Basketball Goal Shooting, Rope Climbing and an Obstacle Race. After the race each school was represented by sixteen girls in a tap dance. The dance was followed by a volley ball game with teams of five girls from each school. Those representing Central were: Josephine Caputo, Edna Hax, Gertrude Gibbs, Eleanor Leitereg and Alma Otto.

Graduating Athletes

With the graduation of Teddy Kirschenman Central will have to fill many gaps on its athletic teams. Ted proved to be a very good man on the baseball field where he showed his wares as a crack outfielder. Ted was also one of the mainstays of the State Championship football team of '27 where he held down one of the wing posts in handsome fashion. At the end of the '27 season he was rated among the best ends of the state. Ted's forte was track where he specialized in the running high jump and sprints. Among his many medals and trophies, Ted prizes two most: that symbolic of the City record in the 70-yard dash, and that of the City record in the running broad jump. It is with regret that we see this sterling athlete make his final bow.

Robert Freyberger, the not so diminutive center of the State championship football team, will surely be missed when Coach Schneider calls practice next session. Bob proved a tower of strength both on the offensive and defensive. He has the distinction of playing throughout the entire '28 season without once having a substitute sent in for him. He was also on the varsity swimming team in '28 and '29 showing good form in the short dashes. Bob managed the baseball team in the early part of the '27 season, and in bidding him good-bye Central loses another fine representative on the field of sports.

Ralph Lordi, whose fencing skill can be attributed to the daily wielding of a mean pen, will graduate among this group of athletes. "Ralphie" is to be

sorely missed from the swimming team, for "finless fish" are scarce. We will also remember Lordi as a second "Frankie Genaro." So good luck to you!

A boxer luminary is Al Albanese who showed to fine advantage while on the boxing team. Al did not confine his activities to boxing only, but won his varsity letter in cross-country, placing consistently among the leaders. Although Central is sorry to see him go, he does so with the best wishes to all.

Sam Epstein, who during his career at Central, scored many points as a member of gymnastic team. Sam specialized in tumbling and is considered one of the best in the city. He was placed in almost every meet he entered and chalked up many points to help "Central lead and others follow."

Graduation this term takes from Central one of her best four-letter men: Vic Di Filippo. He is a versatile athlete who won many championships in the running high jump, 880-yard and 440-yard runs. At present Vic holds the city title for the 440-yard run in the last South Side Meet. Di Filippo is anchor-man on the relay and scored the highest number of points during the outdoor season of '28. In basketball he captained the '29 team and was picked as All-State guard. He was a varsity end on the '28 football team, receiving honorable mention for All-City. He also was coach and fastest man on the '29 swimming team. Although we shall miss him greatly, Central expects great things from him when he goes out for new laurels.

Fencing

The Central Fencing Team is quite active this season. The boys are in the pink of condition and all ready to capture the City High School Championship title.

For their first match the boys fenced with Newark Academy, to whom they lost, 5—3. The Central line-up in this match was Robert Peterson, Dion Porzio, Irving Eisen and Joseph Porzio.

The next fencing bout was with the Barringer team. They beat Barringer to the tune of 6—2.

In this match the line-up consisted of Robert Peterson, Joseph Porzio and Irving Eisen.

Something to take note of, is the fact that Barringer outfenced Newark Academy, 5—2. Newark Academy beat Central, 5—3, and yet Central triumphed over the Barringer boys, 6—2. Without a doubt, this is because Central was in much better form during the Barringer match, due to their constant practice and firm resolve to earn a come-back match with Newark Academy.



General Organization of Central High School

After three months of hard work on the part of the different members of the G. O. Organizing Committee it has arrived at last. Central was without a G. O. since it had become an all-year school. Now it is re-organized to fit our all-year system. The three major officers are elected for six months or two terms while all homeroom and club delegates remain in office for three months. At the time that this issue of the PIVOT is going to press an official Teachers' Council to advise the G. O. is being organized.

After a hotly contested campaign of two weeks' duration we have elected these G. O. officers:

President—David Mann

Vice-President—Alexander Matturri

Secretary—Edna Hax

On Friday, March 29, these officers were inaugurated in the morning assembly.

As a tribute to the rejuvenation of the G. O. as well as to its president, we give here the inaugural of David Mann delivered on the morning of March 29:

"The need for a uniting force—a common means of expression and action—has long been felt by the student body of Central High School. This need has resulted in the revival of the General Organization—

a system of self-government by the students. This organization functioned at Central before the adoption of the all-year school system. Now, revised to meet the requirements of an all-year school, it is functioning again.

Its purpose is: to bring the students into closer contact with one another; to promote the general welfare of the school; to provide a means of expression for the student body; and to foster school spirit and school activities.

The General Organization is the school. You, the student body, control it. You elect its officers. You elect its representatives. In order that the General Organization be a success, and be what its name signifies, a General Organization, it must have the support—the active support—of each and every student of Central High School.

You have elected me your president. I promise you to do my utmost to merit the trust you have reposed in me. With the co-operation of Mr. Wiener and the Faculty Council, the executive board, your representatives, and mainly with the co-operation of you yourselves, I will endeavor to make Central High School's General Organization a model from which other schools may copy."

Modern Business English Club

This Club is designed especially for sophomores, and proposes to promote the interest of the students throughout their course in business English. Those taking the commercial course are especially benefited. Friday; Period 5.

President—James Blickstein.

Vice-President—Howard Strauss.

Secretary—Jeanette McCune.

Treasurer—Harry Goldman.

Faculty Adviser—Alexander B. Lewis.

THE PIVOT

Boys' Service Club

Under the auspices of the Boys' Service Club a freshmen rally was given this March to welcome all freshmen boys. A merit book, called the Camera, is kept by the Club in which is recorded each member's contributions of service to the school. The members have opened various avenues for aiding the Scholarship Fund. During the last term Ingersoll Fountain Pens have been sold to aid the Fund. The Club is well versed in college information, and gladly helps any Centralite in that respect. The General Organiza-

tion, recently established, has received much impetus from the Service Boys. The "Chatter," official organ of the Club, had been published and sold with a bang! The editor is Ben-Ami Kaplan, Sol Fenichel and Irving Wechsler, assistants. Wednesday; Period 6; Room 419.

President—Irving Lampert.
Vice-President—Ben-Ami Kaplan.
Secretary-Treasurer—Robert Ontell.
Faculty Adviser—Michael Conovitz.

Girls' Service Club

Do the Service Girls live up to their name? Proof of their faithfulness follows:

Thrift has been the Club's watchword during the past term. For the first time in its history the Club has started a bank account, which is the only Service Club bank account in the city. The girls have introduced a thrift chapter for the purpose of encouraging frugality among its members. The Service Girls keep order in the vicinity of the auditorium in time of assembly, obtain subscriptions for the Golden Book Magazine, and aid the Scholarship Fund. All pro-

ceeds from the Club's last theatre party were donated to this Fund. The members are now planning a rally to welcome the freshmen girls. The keynote of the club is SERVICE. Wednesday; Period 8; Room 305.

President—Dora Lieberman.
Vice-President—Grace Lloyd.
Secretary—Ruth Woisard.
Treasurer—Ruth Stillman.
Faculty Adviser—Miss Jessie S. Kurtz.

Naturalist Club

The Club takes great pride in the recent acquisition of a splendid and rapidly growing library which consists of a large collection of books, pamphlets, guides, and other interesting and instructive material for nature study. The proceeds of a recent theatre party will go toward further enlargement of this library.

A new addition to the pet collection, which is maintained by the members of the Club, came in the form of eight baby rats born during the Easter vacation. This presented an excellent opportunity for the members to study the life-history of the rat and problems of heredity.

During the months when cold weather made it impossible for outdoor study, illustrated moving picture lectures were a feature of the Club's meetings. The spring season was met by the members with a

series of field trips taken under the guidance of Mr. Goldsmith. Various specimens of plant and animal life were collected in our local fields and meadows, identified, and added to the Club's herbarium and museum.

Prizes are awarded each term to those showing exceptional ability and interest in the nature study work. Students interested in such activities should submit applications for membership to any of the executives of the Club. Tuesday; Period 7; Room 305.

President—William Horback.
Vice-President—Stephen Mysko.
Secretary—Frances Posner.
Treasurer—Sidney Gordon.
Faculty Adviser—Harry Goldsmith.

Prof: "Did you ever study astrology?"

Bob: "Oh, yes, I studied it at home, when I was a boy. I could always tell when my father took

the strap down."

Prof: "What did that denote?"

Bob: "Spots on the sun."

THE PIVOT

Technical Club

This, one of the oldest clubs in Central, has just concluded a very interesting term. The Club has visited the Kopper Coke plant in Kearny, the Federal Shipbuilding and Drydock Corporation, and has also been on a sightseeing trip in New York City. The purpose of the Club is to further the knowledge of its members in technical subjects. Its membership consists of students from senior classes. Thursday; 8:00 A. M.; Room 102.

President—John Marinaro.
Vice-President—Gerald Loudon.
Secretary—Robert Zamburek.
Treasurer—Edward Bendel.
Faculty Adviser—Hargreaves W. Murray.

Girls' Athletic Association

Members of the Girls' Athletic Association meet on the first Monday of every month. Its aim is to promote athletics among the girls of Central. There are no restrictions concerning membership save that a girl desiring admission must have passed every grade of her gymnasium work.

President—Edna Hax.
Vice-President—Esther Lehrer.
Recording Secretary—Dorothy Highton.
Corresponding Secretary—Josephine Caputo.
Treasurer—Myrtle Kotkin.
Faculty Adviser—Miss Molly Kaufman.

Literary Club

All manner of original literary work are reviewed and criticized by the members and faculty adviser. Friday; Period 7; Room 219.

President—Fay Gennet.
Vice-President—Esther Eisenberg.
Secretary—Corinne Adler.
Treasurer—Jennie Weinstein.
Faculty Adviser—Daniel H. Rich.

4C Class

It has just organized and already has a large membership.

President—George Schreiber.
Vice-President—Otto Mellino.
Secretary—Irma Eisman.
Treasurer—Harry Kesselman.
Faculty Adviser—Victor Schleicher.

Chess and Checker Club

President—Sidney Gordon.
Vice-President—Robert Ontell.
Secretary—Julius Rosenthal.
Treasurer—Isadore Lippman.
Faculty Adviser—David Gladstone.

CHESS TEAM

Helmuth Bischoff,
1st board
Ben-Ami Kaplan (Capt.),
2nd board
Sidney Gordon,
3rd board
Isadore Lippman,
4th board

CHECKER TEAM

Sidney Gordon,
1st board
Max Kutin,
2nd board
Robert Ontell,
3rd board
Julius Rosenthal,
4th board

Scientific Club

The purpose of the Club is to further the scientific knowledge of the members. Lectures are given by the members and interesting trips are made. Any student taking a scientific subject is eligible and welcome to join. Monday; 8:00 A. M.; Room 208.

President—Edward Bendel.
Vice-President—Frank Dufford.
Secretary—Robert Bobyock.
Faculty Adviser—J. Edwin Sinclair.

Il Circolo Italiano

The Club, which is one of the most active and popular, has recently given a Whoopee Sport Hop popular, has recently given a Spring Dance which was a booming success. This organization endeavors to aid all Italian students. New members are invited. Monday; Period 7; Room 212.

President—Victor Di Filippo.
Vice-President—Jerry Del Tufo.
Secretary—Marie Giordano.
Treasurer—Jacqueline Mosso.
Faculty Adviser—Miss Lena Steinholtz.

Girls' Swimming Club

This is a new organization in Central. Practice held every Wednesday at the Y. W. H. A.

President—Dorothy Horn.
Vice-President—Lillian Schechter.
Secretary—Irene Styte.
Treasurer—Myrtle Kotkin.
Faculty Adviser—Miss Helen Gordon.

THE PIVOT

Rifle Club

The aspiring militants of this organization (future generals) are now practicing outdoors with their rifles. They have won a cup this season for second place in C Division of the bi-weekly matches conducted by the National Rifle Association. The boys are trying to secure the use of the range in Verona.

President—Frank Dufford.

Vice-President—Raymond Jaillet.

Secretary—Robert Laird.

Treasurer—Seymour Levy.

Faculty Adviser—Hargreaves W. Murray.

Studio Club

The Club has been doing much sculpturing with soap. It is the only art club in the city high schools. Wednesday; Period 6; Room 405.

President—Leo Herman.

Vice-President—Anne Zweidinger.

Secretary—Rose Beatty.

Treasurer—Frank Loskot.

Faculty Adviser—Mrs. Frank Corday Welles.

Hi-Y Club

The Club has given a football and a faculty banquet, both of which were successful. The Club is now planning to hold a dance. The members meet at the Y. M. C. A. Monday evenings at 6:30.

President—Albert Breidt.

Vice-President—Halsey Cronshey.

Secretary-Treasurer—Frank Dufford.

Adviser—Walter Konrad, President of Class of 1924.

4B Class

The Class has very successfully sponsored a Theatre Party at the Branford, in conjunction with the Naturalist Club. Further means of entertainment are being discussed. Wednesday; Period 7; Room 219.

President—Sidney Bederson.

Vice-President—George Zimmerman.

Secretary—Frances Liebowitz.

Treasurer—Isadore Lippman.

Faculty Adviser—Stanton A. Ralston.

Make-Up Box

"*The Maid Who Wouldn't Be Proper*," is the Club's most recent success. Miss Hass intends to organize a class in elocution as a means of increasing the dramatic ability of the students. Little playlets are performed by the members at the meetings. Monday; Period 7; Auditorium.

President—David Mann.

Vice-President—Irving Lampert.

Corresponding Secretary—Mildred Gordon.

Recording Secretary—Corinne Adler.

Treasurer—Milton Schwartz.

Faculty Adviser—Miss Florence Hass.

Library Club

The Club has been studying pseudonyms of famous authors and their origin, also the works of famous illustrators, designers, and publishers.

President—Vivian Christoffel.

Vice-President—Ethel Spiewak.

Secretary—Gaetana Lepore.

Treasurer—Jennie Wienstein.

Faculty Adviser—Miss Ruth L. Ward.

Belles Lettres Club

The Club tries to interest pupils in better usage of English. It has a student staff of teachers who aid those deficient in English. Their work is very laudible.

President—Esther Schneider.

Vice-President—Martha Shapiro.

Secretary—Rebecca Rochlin.

Treasurer—Myrtle Kotkin.

Faculty Adviser—Ray Barnard.

Philosophy Club

The Club has been running a series of talks on Greek philosophers. Only pupils who take fourth year English are permitted to join. Wednesday; 8:00 A. M.; Lunchroom.

President—Fay Gennet.

Vice-President—Sidney Lazarov.

Secretary—Gertrude Witkowsky.

Treasurer—Shirley Komgold.

Faculty Adviser—Dr. Leon Mones.

Alumni Notes

Gertrude Kaplan, class of Nov. 1923, has recently announced her engagement to Abe Agman of Jersey City, and expects to seal the tie this June.

Jacob Koltun, class of August '28, now works for the Westinghouse Company and is also attending N. Y. U. evenings.

Michael Horowitz, class of May '24, has just passed the bar examinations, and is going to open a law office in March.

Abe Kuchinsky, Nov. '27, has successfully completed his first year at Newark Normal.

Ernie Woerner, '26, star tackle on the '24 state championship football team and for two years varsity linesman on the Bucknell University football team, has been elected captain of his team for 1929. One fine, all-around boy is Ernie.

John ("Feet") Marshall, '28, notable back on our state championship team in '27, made the varsity team at Howard University in his first year. In the annual classic with Lincoln, his passing and line-plunging led to the two touchdowns that gave Howard its victory. "Feet" was around to see us after Thanksgiving and bore a beautiful eye as a memento of his football prowess.

Henry Simon, Aug. '23, is a senior at Long Island Medical School, and stands at the head of his class in scholarship.

Harry Lipschutz, May '25, is a graduate of N. J. College of Law. He is now preparing for his bar exams.

Laurence Alpern, Aug. '25, is a student at N. Y. U., and intends to become a Certified Public Accountant this June.

David Levine, one of Central's first graduates, is a science teacher in one of our vocational schools.

Ben Friedman, class of Feb. 1928, former PIVOT editor, is employed as bookkeeper by H. G. Mooney Company, and attends evening classes at N. Y. U.

Irving R. Ehrlich, class of Nov. 1927, is with the New England Guild, and attends N. Y. U. evenings.

Esther Matturri, Aug. '25, is an art teacher in Lincoln High School, Jersey City.

Maude Schwartz, Aug. '24, is busily engaged in the joyful task of preparing for her coming marriage.

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Mickey Malkin, class of May '27, is now attending Upsala College. Mickey is living up to his reputation as a football star that his Alma Mater may well be proud of.

Lena Malkin, class of May '28, has recently been married to Abe Cohen of Elizabeth, N. J.

Anna Malkin, class of May '24, is working in the Prudential Building.

Oscar Stempler, class of November '23, and Lillian Sussman, class of March '23, have been engaged to be married. Oscar has recently passed the bar and has opened an office in Newark. Good luck to both!

Nat Ruby, class of Feb. '26, is now attending University of Virginia.

Dora Gold, class of Nov. '22, is now married to Mr. Joseph Schribner, member of the faculty of Charlton Street School.

Fannie Rich, class of Feb. '22, is now married to Mr. Sam Braskin, accountant of the Fabian Theatres.

Lew Wortzel, class of Feb. '22, is now an accountant.

Dave Wortzel, class of Nov. '22, is now a pharmacist.

Dr. H. A. Pashkow, class of June '16, is now a dentist in this city.

Rose Ruden, class of May '27, is in the office of the Kresge Department Store.

Lillian Zipkin, of the class of Aug. '27, is now attending the Nurses' Training School of the Newark Beth Israel Hospital.

Maurice Farrace, class of '27, is now attending the University of Alabama.

Prof: "What is the formula for water?"

Frosh: "HIJKLMNO."

Prof: "What! Where did you get that idea?"

Frosh: "Why yesterday you said it was H to O."

R. C. Anderson ("Scientific American.")

Broadway Shop: "Empty boxes — suitable for holiday gifts."

Tailor's Shop: "We dye for others, why not let us dye for you?"

Clothing Shop: "These pants will look better on your legs than on our hands."

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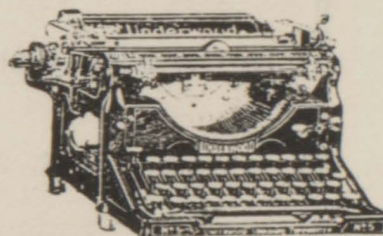
Field trips to the offices and plants of the largest organizations in New York City are a unique characteristic of the work of the Institute. The Registrar is always glad to confer with high-school graduates and their parents.

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AUCTION!!

Great Sacrifices!

Unusual Offerings!

WHAT: One hundred and one unusually brilliant scholars.

WHEN: May 32, 1929 A. D.

WHERE: On Central's well-kept lawn.

WHY: 1.—Owing to the fact that Central is becoming overcrowded since pupils insist upon making this their permanent home.

2.—The monotony of seeing the same faces continually has bored the faculty and forced some to leave (no names mentioned).

Some celebrities to be auctioned off are:

FIRST

Our honorable president's famous white sweater, chartreuse socks, brass metals and ail. A once-in-a-life-time bargain.

SECOND

Now what will you bid for Alma Otto's rare shorthand notes? The likes not to be found in four corners of the earth.

THIRD

Next will be auctioned off Helen Klepacky's marks. How much for a 10-9-8?

FOURTH

Opportunity knocks but once, folks; here is yours: How much for Freyberger's 48 suits? Heinz's 57 Varieties of styles, colors, and sizes.

FIFTH

Here is Ben-Ami, smartest boy in Central, he told us so himself. How much! How much!

SIXTH

Now you're getting a REAL bargain. Here's Rose B., you can have her daily growing bun (hair), for a song.

SEVENTH

Nathan Eggert and Fay Gennet at getting ads are our best. Nathan is quiet, and Fay's a riot when it comes to talking. So quit your balking and put in your bid.

HOW MUCH AM I BID?

Going!

Going!!

Gone!!!

Opium

(Continued from Page 12)

very happy and satisfied about my school life but somehow my father and mother want me to be a little more like you, you know . . . what shall I say . . . kinda flashy, big, I mean."

"I know what you mean. Well, I'll tell you. You gotta be a pusher to be successful in this world, I guess. You gotta slam hard and show yourself."

"Weil, I don't know. It's according to the way you look at it." * * *

Twenty years later Mr. Jack Finkelstein meets Mr. Harry Gimbelson in the lobby of the Hotel Alhambra in Chicago. They are delighted to see each other after so long a separation and engage a private dining room for dinner.

"What are you doing to yourself, Jack?"

"Law." He gives Harry a card.

"So, Finkelstein and Grossman—bankruptcy attorneys? How're you making out?"

"Fairly well. And you?"

"I? I'm a farmer."

"A farmer? And I thought you were kidding me all the time."

"No, I really meant it. Funny, though, isn't it? Well, you see, I always was interested and happy with plants and animals if you remember. Well, I took a B. S. degree in agriculture, specialized in fruits, and now I own a fair acreage of citrus fruits, oranges, you know, and lemons and such, out in Riverside, California. Also took on a creamery as a side-line."

"So, a farmer." He eyes his friend almost critically while passing him the salt. "Happy, Harry?"

Harry smiles. "Want nothing better. I have a wife, best girl in the world, and three children, two boys and a girl. We are superbly situated,—the Pacific on one side, big and blue, the Sierras on the other. And the climate, marvelous, all the year 'round."

"That's great, Harry. And is the work hard?"

"Nothing at all. That is, not for me. I love my work. Every day I inspect the orchard personally to see as to proper irrigation, fertilization, pruning, grafting and other little details that I have men take care of. Then I go to the creamery and see that the cows are well fed,—sanitation, delivery, and so on. Then I have all the time in the world to play."

(Continued on next page)

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DR. WATSON L. SAVAGE, President
308 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET
New York City

Opium

(Continued from Page 73)

"Play?" The spoon spills its soup back into the plate.

"Yes, sir, play. I have a little laboratory fixed up in the creamery and a little experimental garden right outside where I enjoy myself most of my spare time. Evenings I spend home with the wife and kids. I even write little articles for the local newspapers. When there's anything good in Los Angeles we motor down. We lead a nice, quiet, healthy life." They eat in silence. Jack regards his friend closely. The devil! but he does look healthy!

"I envy you, Harry."

"Envy me?"

"Yes, I envy you. Your success in life is a greater one by far than mine. I beg your pardon, did I say my success? It's a mistake. I have no success. I'm a failure, a total failure."

"But you——"

"Yes, I know. You'll tell me my career. And then you'll tell me that I said before that I made out fairly well. If you mean money, oh, yes. That I make and plenty of it. But as for my career," he snaps his fingers derisively, "that much for my career. Success? All the worldly success you want but kick—do I get the real *kick* that I see you're getting out of life?" Jack finishes eating and stands up, his hands in his coat pockets. "Listen, Harry, do you remember our commencement night at high?"

"Certainly, you were a——"

"A big fool! That's what I was! And I blabbed about success and I received all those letters, and medals, and prizes, and the scholarship. You received nothing, but——"

"Just a minute, Jack," interrupted Harry with a smiling gesture. "You forgot. I received a set of orations and I still have it home."

"Oh, that's right, pardon me." He smiled down at Harry. "That's right. Well, anyway, I thought you were indifferent and lazy. To me the spectacular, the eye-catcher, was the real thing and with that idea, always to be spectacular and eye-catching, did I work through to my present position five years ago. I'm also married, ten years already, to a fine woman. We have one boy and one girl—darling kids. I'm

telling you, my home life—marvelous! Harry, it's the only thing that keeps me going. But my practice——" The lawyer shakes his head.

"And what is the matter with that? You always liked it. It gave you the chance you wanted up front, didn't it?"

"Yes, I'm always up front, I know. We win our cases. We win them nine out of ten. But what cases! Of course, I make bea-u-tee-ful speeches in the courtroom. My name is in every paper every week of the year. I have what we call 'success.' Listen, Harry, you deal with green trees, with docile cows, with feathered fowl and your life is sweet, clean. You live an unruffled, calm life, and by Heaven! you get the real kick out of life. And I? Do I have the time to play in the open as you have? Can I look out at the sea, at the mountains and enjoy the life God gave me? No, sir! I stay shut up in a dog's kennel of an office on State Street, and whom do I work with? Men of success, chuck full of it as I am." A sigh rises from the lawyer's lungs. "I wish I were in your boots, Harry."

The farmer walks up to his friend and puts his arm over his shoulders. "What you need is a rest, Jack. You're all unstrung. What you need——"

"What I need, what I need, what I need is a complete and ultimately decisive change! Harry, you don't know the half of it. This infernal thirst for the spectacular, this craze for the limelight is like a vampire. Like a vampire it draws your blood. I am drugged under its power. It draws my life blood daily and daily must I hunt others to make up my deficiency. And when do you think did I begin nursing that deadly vampire? Right when I was with you at school. Do you remember how crazed I was for honor? It was the beginning of my end. I cannot live any more without it and I'm unhappy. Harry, I never in this world ever will be happy."

"Bosh. It'll pass."

"You know very well it won't."

Mr. Jack Finkelstein takes out his watch.

"It's seven-fifteen, Harry, and I must get my express by seven-forty. I have an appointment with Mr. Grossman, my partner, tomorrow night. I'm very sorry to leave you so early," adds the lawyer, "but I would like to meet you again some time."

The two men parted.

"Newark Women Need Representation"



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